# The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr.

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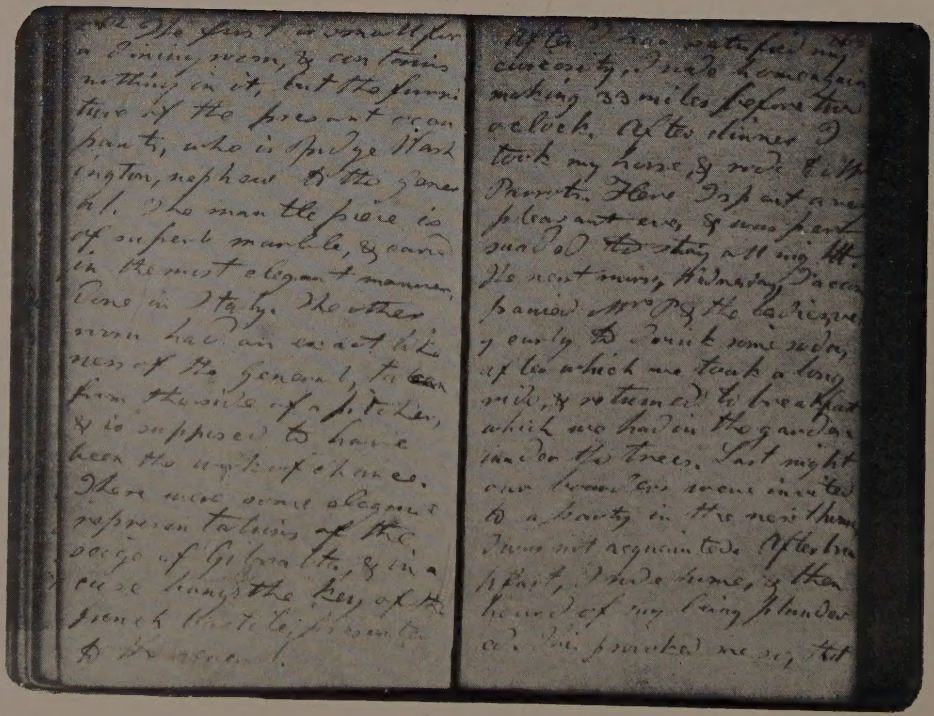
*The Diary of*
*Elbridge Gerry, Jr.*



A Facsimile reproduction of two pages of the original diary
now in the possession of Annette Townsend.

# *The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr.*

*With a Preface and Footnotes by*
*Claude G. Bowers*

*Foreword by Annette Townsend*

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## Note

The original diary with its peculiarities of spelling, punctuation and construction has been strictly adhered to by the publishers in the production of this book.

## *Foreword*

IN publishing this Diary of my great, great-uncle, I fear that I am giving away secrets of a very charming young man who was much enamored with the ladies. These secrets were never meant to be exposed. I hope he would forgive me, could he know, for giving to the world his thoughts and opinions of "the lovely ladies of his acquaintance." But there are some parts so amusing and also so historical that I felt I could not keep them to myself.

My great, great-grandfather Elbridge Gerry had a very distinguished career. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Massachusetts, Special Ambassador to France, and at the time this Diary was written was the Vice-President of the United States.

Of his three sons, Thomas married Hannah Goelet; James and Elbridge Jr. never married, and in 1813 Elbridge Jr. spent the winter with his father in Washington. The rest of the family remained in New Haven and Boston.

The oldest daughter, Eliza, my great-grandmother, from whom I inherited all of my Gerry heirlooms that I prize so much, married David S. Townsend, a member of the Society of the Cincinnati and fifth in descent from Thomas Townsend, of Lynn, Mass., who came over from England with his relative Governor Winthrop in 1637, the first of the family to settle in America. He in turn was the great-grandson of Sir Robert and Lady Alice Townshende of Norfolk, England. Sir Robert, who died February 8, 1555, was knighted by Henry VIII at Hampton Court in 1545, and his father Sir Roger, whose wife was Anne de Brewse, was knighted at the Spanish Armada in 1588. So much for the Townsends.

In my possession are letters written by the

sisters and brothers of Elbridge Jr., and some written by the father to his children, all of which indicate the family to have been a devoted and united one. Some of the letters I am publishing. Of the illustrations, the originals are owned by various members of the family. I own the miniature of James Thompson, Mrs. Gerry's brother. He was a great beau in New York at the time and died unmarried.

Having spent most of my early life in Washington and many of the names and landmarks being most familiar to me, I feel doubly attached to this little journal.

ANNETTE TOWNSEND

(Lynnefield Farm,
Goshen, New York.)
Feb. 8, 1927.

# *Preface*

THE spring of 1813 was one of grave misgivings for such Americans as appreciated the possibilities of the second war with England, declared a little while before. A perusal of the speeches in the Congressional Globe would leave one with the impression that the masses of the people were fairly seething with enthusiasm and excitement. It was at that time that Elbridge Gerry, Jr., son of the distinguished statesman who had just assumed the Vice Presidency of the United States, deposited novels of Scott and Maria Edgeworth in his traveling bag, and set forth on horse-back with the gayety of youth on a journey in search of health that was to lead him over the Eastern mountains to Pittsburgh, thence through a corner of Ohio, into Virginia and on to Washington. Day by day

he amused himself jotting down, by the light of candles in frouzy taverns his observations on the country and the towns, the rough and mirey roads over which he struggled, the way-side inns in which he writhed, the people he encountered. The appended notations on expenses will bring to the present generation a sickening sense of loss. This little diary, with its interesting illumination of the social and political conditions of that spring and summer has been reposing for more than a century in the family chest of the Gerrys, and is now made available for publication by Annette Townsend to whom it has descended.

Anyone familiar with the journals of the Duc De La Rochefoucauld Liancourt, Brissot Warville, Isaac Weld, Henry Wansey, and Thomas Twining who covered much of the same ground fifteen and twenty years before, will be impressed with the similarity of young Gerry's observations. The roads were still dreary enough at best, and, in wet weather, almost impossible of passage. The towns he passed through had improved but

little with time; still prosy one-street settlements with unattractive houses strung along the roads. The taverns were still too generally infested with creepers. Only in the larger towns, like Hartford, and in the new settlements like Pittsburgh, do we find the evidence of growth and progress we would expect. Happily our diarist frequently took leave of the more conventional routes favored by his predecessors, introducing us to sections they ignored.

This young aristocrat was evidently able to adapt himself to any company that necessity imposed. His journal is singularly free from sneers at the crudity of the pioneers in the wilderness and the denizens of remote hamlets. With youth's toleration he preferred to look upon the brighter side of people, admiring the thrift of the Dutch farmers and the charms of their neat, bright-faced maidens in New York, marveling at the progressiveness and ingenuity of the people of New Jersey, and finding compensation for the ignorance of the Virginia planters of the

back-woods section in their generous hospitality. Only those of Connecticut appear to have moved him to wrath. Like Washington and Jefferson before him, he fell foul of the Sunday blue laws forbidding travel on Sunday, but unlike them, he was not so conscientious in their observance. "We thot it most prudent to wait until the people were collected in meeting," he writes, "when we accordingly departed from Bristol in fair weather at that hour." It was the "curiosity and officiousness" of the Connecticut folk that annoyed him, — that and a certain vulgarity in grasping on which Mrs. Henry Knox had expatiated during the Revolution, to be rebuked by her doting husband. Strangely enough, the elegant Liancourt had found these same people well mannered, and De Warville had been favorably impressed.

It is significant that throughout his travels, until he had reached the approach to Washington he records no discussions on the prospects of the war here, or that raging in Europe. The masses were clearly not so moved

by the struggle threatened. The talk was of land, harvests, means of travel, mechanical improvements, the development of communities. Evidently these inlanders were either ignorant of the war or indifferent to it. At Hartford he found "the harbour well filled with shipping" despite the menace of the British navy. On a Virginia plantation he ventured to draw his host out on politics and with discouraging results. "He appeared little interested or acquainted with any political or foreign information," writes Gerry, "and could converse only of his own farm. When I informed him that Bonaparte had placed himself in the rear of the Russians, he reply'd, 'Ah, that has placed the Russians before him?', and then he asked if the French were not fighting them also." But as he approached Washington he found some travellers all too eager to talk politics. "I rode from dinner," he records, "in company with two persons whom I deceived as to my politics, and soon regretted I had flattered them in that manner. They became so violent that

I was unable to bear their conversation." This was in that section of Maryland where the Federalists were so hostile to the war that Roger Taney had been driven into the ranks of the Democracy.

In this interesting chronicle of his travels through nine states he found nothing to suggest war until he reached Harpers Ferry, " a small dirty place," which was " rendered very famous by its singular situation and the manufactory of the United States arms." Here he visited the " 10 buildings in which the gun manufactory is performed," and learned that " during the war sixty thousand (guns) had been sent away, and only 20,000 now remain." In one apartment he viewed " the arms taken at the surrender of Cornwallis's army." He gives us a minute description of the various processes through which guns used in the second war with England were made.

It was not however until he reached the crude capital on the Potomac that he found much interest in the struggle, — and there

was cause. The British fleet had appeared in Chesapeake Bay. A citizens committee had been appointed to coöperate with the Government in the protection of the city. Volunteers were accepted to patrol the city at night, and he and Benjamin Lear, son of Washington's secretary, patrolled together, converting their nocturnal adventures into a lark. The awkward squads were drilling in front of the White House for the encouragement of the distressed President. One day he accompanied his father, the Vice-President, to a nearby foundry where cannon were being made; on another he visited the Navy Yard and saw "two or three hundred men getting their week's pay." He sipped tea with the ladies, listening to the conversation on the danger of a rising of the slaves, and to the recital of a hero of the hour who had fought with Lawrence on the Chesapeake and narrowly escaped with his life. Occasionally he looked in on Congress and found the "debates interesting," though not so interesting as the

young ladies in the galleries. At the White House he found Madison "reclining on a settee or couch" looking "pale and wan" and "bearing the marks of age and of a very strong mind" — an harassed War President resting on pillows and wrapped in a flannel gown. One joyous day he rode with a party, including the sister of Marcia Burns, to Bladensburg, where, a little later, the American arms were to meet a humiliating defeat, and whence the observing Madison was to hurry away on his horse; but that day it was peaceful enough. They drank wine in the tavern, and finding the host had cheated them in the quality, one young blade emptied the remainder out the window; and our diarist, penetrating to the kitchen in search of pins for the ladies, found a negro woman threshing a black boy "with much grace." Much of tragedy that old tavern had seen and would see again, but that summer day it was all comedy and romance.

Interesting and illuminating is this picture of the capital, wining, dining, flirting, playing

at war preparedness over tea-cups and in leisurely discussions in the front yards, and seeming, in the retrospect, to be supinely awaiting the coming of Cockburn's red coats with their flaming torches. With Gerry we meander at our ease through the White House, under the guidance of the incomparable Dolly, pausing with him to admire the painting of Washington which, a few months later, the hostess was to hastily slash from its frame to prevent its destruction by the British. The diary pictures the Washington of the summer of 1813 as a light, romantic prelude to the tragedy that was to follow.

After all, it was the Washington of a youth more interested in girls than in gasconading. Only a few of the distinguished men and women of the time attract his pen, or attention. We visit Madison. We see Dolly, "very handsome, of an elegant form and dignified deportment . . . fine complexion, high and delicately colored . . . elegant manners . . . dressed in a yellow silk gown rather loose and plain . . . a neat bon-

net . . . a cravat around her neck . . . spangled cloth shoes." We go calling with the Vice-President and James Monroe and sit in front of the house of the host listening to the discussion. We dine with Mrs. Lear whose husband two years later was to kill himself, and Mrs. Custis, and call more than once on the fascinating Madame Bonaparte — unhappy wife of Jerome — unmindful of the jilted lover buried in the deep woods of Indiana on the Ohio. We are permitted to listen to the French Minister reading to us in his library an account of the battle of Leipsic. But after all we are made to feel that our business is not with these great men and grand dames. We are kept running about with girls, — just girls — some of high position whose family prestige or extraordinary beauty have projected their fame to posterity, others, so alive and giddy then, long since sleeping pathetically in forgotten dust. We live awhile at O'Neal's tavern, and are disappointed, in looking around, to find no Peggy of immortal memory scampering in

and out to sit on old gentlemen's laps and chuckle them under the chin. Rides in leafy lanes near Georgetown, quiet flirtations in a crowd, pushing damsels who make us drop our visors, a little wine, and much soda — such the Washington of the carefree youths that awaited the coming of the British as though it were a lark.

Especially interesting, — almost prophetic — are young Gerry's comments on Pittsburgh. Few of the foreign tourists of a somewhat earlier day had cared to brave the wilderness and the mountains, and after all there was then little to be seen. A few years had wrought an American miracle. Already, when Gerry rode over the mountains the eye was "first attracted by the black volume of smoke issuing from the various furnaces and darkening the whole atmosphere around." We see here, in the Pittsburgh of 1813, the crude beginnings — despite the furnace fires. No "tall spires or stately buildings," but "low houses" and "log huts." But the stores were crowded and "a confused and

intermingled sound of the hammer, the machine and the mill produces wonder and dismay." How like the Pittsburgh of today!

And hearken to the young man's prophecy: "Pittsburgh in a few years will, beyond a doubt, be the most important manufacturing town in America." No doubt he was thus assured in Pittsburgh; for did not "the three rivers afford an invaluable source of exportation," and did not the daily growing West look to her for manufactured products and merchandize, and could not "large vessels descend the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and go to all parts of the world," and couldn't other boats "ascend the Alleghany and pass thro the lakes"? Of course the "air of Pittsburgh is not pure and is sometimes oppressive," and the coal smoke or water gave many ladies the goitre which left them on removal to other places. There were "no boarding houses of repute in town," but time would remedy these evils. Meanwhile, and always, the factories were the thing, and we visit them with our young guide, — the glass

factories, the wire factories, the iron factories where we look, without smiling derisively — for are we not in 1813? — on the pathetically primitive methods of the foundries. A fascinating place, this Pittsburgh that Gerry saw, for market days "fill the town with country lasses from some distance and crowd the streets with all sexes and ages until eve."

Nothing in the diary is more interesting perhaps than the description of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, settled by the Moravians under the leadership of Count Zinzendrof, seventy-two years before. Just what assiduous labor and fidelity to an ideal had done in seventy-two years is here impressively described. Young Gerry was deeply moved by what he saw. He visited the community water works, — the water carried in logs from springs, raised 140 feet to a reservoir by machinery, and thence conducted to every house in the town. Many a more pretentious American city in those days fell far short of this touch of modern luxury and comfort.

He visited the famous girls' school, established some years before, and found eighty young ladies learning history, geography, literature, painting, music and needle work for $200 a year. He attended religious services and describes the strange ceremonies, with the predominant note the separation of the sexes — an idea extended to the community graveyard. He was thrilled by the singing. "The harmony of voices was perfect," he wrote, "and the treble delightful." Even then these men and women of Bethlehem were working rapidly toward the day when their town would be hailed far and wide as "the American Bayreuth," — the most famous music center in the country. Here we have a graphic picture of a community in the making with which Americans should be more familiar.

This will suffice, we hope, to whet the reader's appetite for the whole of the Diary. It is a delightfully human document, blitheful with the spirit of youth, manifestly written for the amusement of the writer and his family

and with no thought of posterity. It ends abruptly with the adjournment of Congress in early August — the war session called to do so much which did so little. The young man parted with some sweet sorrow, we may be sure, with some of the fair charmers of the capital, to accompany his father, the venerable statesman, back to Massachusetts. Fifteen months later, the aged Vice-President, a secret sentimentalist himself, would gaze long and tenderly upon the medallion of his wife, and fare forth in his carriage for the Capitol one autumn morning to die upon the way, and Washington would see little of the Gerrys for a while. The son's diary would be put away in a chest to be forgotten for some generations, and after a hundred and fourteen years brought forth from its hiding place to be given to the world.

It is an attractive miniature of a long dead year; or a side light on the society that beamed on Dolly Madison; or the portrait of a lively young beau of many years ago. It is all of these.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

# *The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr.*

MONDAY, May 3rd — I commenced a journey (South-Westerly) for the benefit of my health. This I determined to perform on horseback. The first night I lodged at Framingham, having passed thro' Watertown, Waltham and Weston. The next day passed thro' Westborough, Worcester, Leicester and lodged at Charlton. In passing thro' these towns nothing of importance occurred. The country is not very pleasing to the eye, and does not afford a pleasant theme. Worcester [1] indeed is a delightful village and apparently lively; especially this day, being a general muster. Leicester is remarkable for the many

[1] Twenty five years before Bristol De Warville had found Worcester "elegant and well peopled, famous as a publishing center."

card manufactories in it. In that town alone, upwards of thirty machines, owned by separate persons, are in motion. My horse has a very fine gait, being a long and easy trot, with a fast walk. But at present is inclined to trip, which I hope will not increase; to relieve myself, I walk up a hill. In one walk today, my horse quickened his pace and but for a passenger, might have outwitted his master. The expences at present are high, but will moderate shortly. I hope soon to have a more pleasant account to give of my journey now commenced. H. Orne and W. Donnison, Esqrs., counsellors at law, accompany me. They are going to the Western Countries to establish themselves in the practice of the law. They are unfortunate as respects their horse; he has a trick of refusing to pass over hills. This arises from being unused to travelling; I think he will mend.

May 5th — This morning being cloudy, we set off from Charlton and breakfasted at Sterbridge, and shall rest tonight at Stafford

Springs where we now are. These towns, excepting Holland are the only towns we have passed through. On leaving Sterbridge you ascend a very long hill, the summit of which presents to view an extensive prospect. Situated in the centre of a circle, the prospect is bounded by hills at a greater distance than at first is supposed. This is a neat little town, and the adjacent fields are much less rocky than those we have passed by. Holland, the next town, is very barren. Stafford as yet partakes of its nature; but is greatly improved in appearance by the Spring Hotel. This is situated at the foot of a high hill, on a small rising. In front a rivulet is seen to flow; and at a short distance joins two other streams. Within this rivulet is an oval yard, surrounded with a neat white fence. The house is large and very accommodating, probably can board seventy persons. Near the building are baths, cold and warm, the latter of which I shall presently refresh myself in. In a wood by the house, is a pleasant recess, presenting a natural curiosity in a

vain, is relieved by the opening. From this time the fields become green. The soil appears to be very rich and well cultivated. Holland is a small village, it is situated low and affords nothing worthy of description. Vernon is not much better. From thence to East Hartford the ride is agreeable. The entrance of this town, presents a long street divided in two by elm trees. This street continues thro' the town and is two miles in length. Around this place, the fields were clothed in verdure, the trees in full bloom, and all was cheering and enlivening to the weary traveller. We at last arrived alive at Hartford. The whole journey of today was performed in a driving storm, and hope with the blossoms of the trees encouraged us to proceed. While buffetting the rain my greatest comfort arose from anticipating a warm fire and a leisure evening; which I had already planned for writing. When thrusting my hand into my saddle bags, my heart was chilled with the feeling of wet cloths. After I paused for a moment, I began to take

them out, and to my utmost horror found everything well drenched with raindrops. My next enquiry was, how to put things to rights. All my clothes were to be washed, and medicine assorted and dried, for they were chaffed into one common mixture and every article must be clothed anew. Thus were my hopes disappointed and my task assigned. This I considered as a traveller's lot and therefore to it I went. By patience and perseverance I finished by 11 at night. Thus rested, after braving a strong east wind all day with an umbrella, I retired. Hartford[1] is a large and beautiful town. You enter it, by crossing the elegant and far famed Connecticut River. The harbour is well filled with shipping[2] and commands the attention of the spectator on approaching the town. Hartford is regularly planned and has a state house and a number of ornamental

[1] De Warville describes it in 1788 as "a considerable rural town where most of the inhabitants live by farming"; eight years later Liancourt found a city of 6000, with much shipping, and with cloth manufacturing a leading industry.

[2] With war with England on, shipping then a hazardous business.

public and private buildings. Our horses this day performed extremely well, and both have left behind their old tricks, stopping and stumbling. My horse was near being injured by a nail perforating the hind part of the saddle. But being discovered in time was remedied.

May the 8th — Having had six hours sleep, I was aroused from my slumbers and warned to prepare for another drenching. The restless impetuosity of my companion, again urged me to the unpleasant task. The day's ride preceeding had convinced me that the flitting raindrops meandering down your back did not conduce much to health, or at least to comfort. After having paid dearly for my wash woman and refitted my saddle bags, I set off with the picture of my approaching condition full in my eyes. We passed thro' West Hartford, a small town, and breakfasted on a sham meal at Farmington. Here I determined to guard my baggage from the danger with which it was al-

ready threatened. I succeeded in having an oil cloth case made for it; much satisfied with the hopes of baffling the attempt of the weather, I again resumed my umbrella and position. We had now to travel ten miles to reach a tavern. As soon as we had well commenced, the storm set in and was the most violent I ever experienced. However, I trusted to my oil-case and umbrella for safety. Our road, filled with stones projecting far above the surface, was as winding as the path of a mule, or as crooked as the form of Pope (?). Thus situated we stemmed the torrent of adversity and arrived at Bristol. On my arrival, removing my case and holding it to the light to praise and admire it, I was struck almost blind with the innumerable holes and rents with which it was filled. My favorite case was entirely worn out, and I was compelled to cast it for a pattern. This was a trifle as I found myself in a worse plight than I was at Hartford. But the same storm that wet me gave me an afternoon to dry. I have refitted and am

ready for another action. To my great joy my bold companion was thoroughly beaten by the rain and begins to adopt my future determination, never to travel in a storm. Here we are in the centre of Connecticut, whose inhabitants are bigoted and strict in their tenets.[1] We intend to endeavour to proceed on our journey tomorrow, being Sunday; the law prohibits travelling in that day, but nothing less than death or a storm shall confine us in this state. Our journey has been entirely on turnpikes, and will continue so to the North River. Our only prayer is for fair weather and no interruptions in our next ride.

May 9th — There being a stated fine fixed to persons travelling on the Lord's day in this state, we thot it most prudent to wait untill the people were collected in meeting. We accordingly departed from Bristol, in fair weather, at that hour. We had six miles to

[1] Washington in his Diaries and Jefferson in his letters were annoyed by these laws some years before.

ride, before we came to a meeting house, where the fines are in general imposed. This we soon reached and imagined every man to be a warden. By chance the storm had mitigated their vigour and we were permitted to proceed unmolested. At the next town, we had the felicity of seeing the congregation disperse, without having been members ourselves. We had now passed thro' Plymouth and Watertown. We next rode to Woodbury which terminated our day's ride.

The town of Bristol is small and indicates poor inhabitants. On leaving it, our ride was similar to the first part of our journey. The road passed through a barren and mountainous country; the houses were falling to pieces, and the barns tumbling to the ground. The heads of the inhabitants seen thro' holes in the houses assured us alone, that they were inhabited.

Plymouth[1] is thinly settled, but has more habitable houses. It is situated on a hill and the grounds appear less rocky and barren.

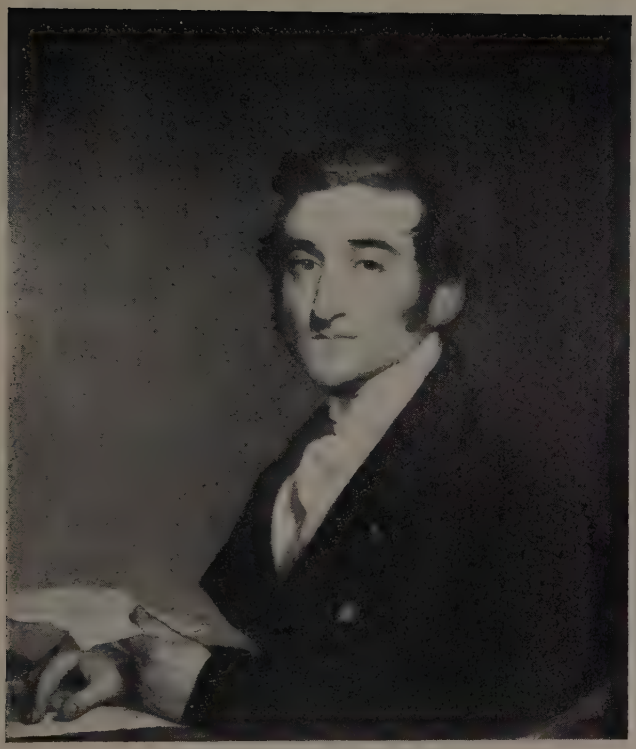
[1] The boyhood home of President Coolidge.

Beyond this town, we travelled over part of the Green Mountains of Vermont. In ascending them, the road winded round the foot and was truly romantic. On one side a clift of rocks, almost perpendicular was seen, whose summit was scarcely reached by the tall oak. Turning from this rough and rugged side to the other, a murmuring river, gliding gently on, was nearby under your feet. Leaving this scene behind we quickly found ourselves in a basin formed by the surrounding hills. This is a curiosity; an entire circle of high hills enclose you on all sides, whose circumference is not greater than a mile. Adjoining to Plymouth is Watertown. It is at the foot of a hill on an eminence. The houses are few and handsome; the soil far better, than that of the latter town. After we had left this place, a shower came on and gave us just time to prepare for it. This rain I prevented wetting my bags, by covering them with the flap of my sourtout. The shower was hardly finished, when in ascending a steep hill, a beautiful country was opened to

our view. The prospect was bounded by a range of small mountains, whose sides were divided into fields, well cultivated. The whole valley was covered with verdure and ornamented with trees. In this valley the town of Woodbury was situated. It is quite a respectable village, and appears to be wealthy. There are many large houses and the country around is beautiful. As in the two former towns, there are two meeting houses close to each other, the one Episcopal, the other Congregationalist. My horse's back is worse than it was and it will be necessary to have the saddle prepared so as to avoid further injury.

May 10th — After being well entertained and attentively treated by our landlord, Mr. Hatch, we left Woodbury early this morn, and went thro' Southbury, Newtown and shall rest at Danbury. Our ride in the morning was peculiarly agreeable. After travelling some days in the worst of weather, we were escorted out of town by various kinds of

birds, saluting us continually with their cheerful notes. The remaining part of the journey was thro' a country similar to yesterday's. Mounting immense hills, they afforded a prospect almost unbounded. The country has not been so fertile, as it was on the banks of the Connecticut River. The appearance of the fields is pleasing to the eye, but will not bear a strict examination. We passed through one pleasant scene; descending into a valley, we approached the confluence of three branches of the Ousatonich River, which unite again into one stream. In crossing these separately a range of willows borders the causeway. The whole, united, produced a good effect. Southbury adjoining Woodbury, is much such a town; the people having acquired wealth by transporting the produce of their farms to New Haven. Newtown is situated on a hill, which commands the country for 20 miles. We perceived the town at half that distance. It is by no means a small town, and is very busy. Cloth of the first quality is made and sold



*ELBRIDGE GERRY, JR.*

The author of the diary, and son of Vice President Elbridge Gerry, born December 22, 1791 and died February 15, 1883.

*From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the possession of Miss Townsend of Boston, Mass.*

very cheap, at this place. This state manufactures a great quantity of broadcloth and has arrived at great perfection. I here endeavored to exchange my saddle, but the person wishing unjustly to take advantage of my necessity, I determined to treat him as an impostor. I here was obliged to wait for my ———[1] which had begun to endanger the further use of them. I persuaded an old dame to strengthen their infirmities; and had the consolation of finding myself cheated in the cloth. I was very uneasy for my horse whose back, being otherwise out of order, was hurt by the smallness of the saddle. I have since met with a jockey and changed saddles. True he made me pay dear for my bargain but his prescriptions will repair the breach. The ride today has been worse than ever. Having nothing but rocks to see, the day on the whole has been tedious. This country is astonishingly well watered. Scarcely a step is passed, without having a spring in it.

[1] The word used here is badly blurred in the diary, and is undecipherable.

Scarcely a field is seen, unless watered with a refreshing brook. This is the last town in Connecticut. I have delayed giving a sketch of the character of the people, until I should see more of them. With a very few exceptions, they are rude and surly, and partake of the manners of bears.[1] Always unwilling to oblige, when at any trouble, and the most inquisitive and officious of any people I know. This is giving them a harsh character, but is just from the knowledge I have of them. We have met with some worthy and respectful people.

The town of Danbury is very extensive. It consists, as usual, of but one street; the houses are not handsome; it has two meeting houses and a court house. It appears much like a seaport town, the street being always full of people. There are many stores and much business is transacted here. Agriculture is the most important employment, and is the source of wealth to the inhabitants. It

[1] The elegant Liancourt found the Connecticut people well mannered, sober, active and industrious, and De Warville was equally impressed.

is quite a treat to pass a few hours in such a place and reminds us of our neighboring towns at home.

May 11th — The ride of today has been the most pleasant we have had. The first part of it was over hills, but the road was very good the whole way. We passed thro' Somers and are now at Mount Pleasant, or Sing-Sing. This is the only town we went thro' for thirty-two miles; and what is singular, there was only one tavern, for the whole distance, to Somers, being half way. The chief of the journey has been thro' the State of New York. The difference between the two last states is surprising. New York is by far preferable in its inhabitants. The people at the taverns endeavour to please, and if they can do that, appear satisfied, independent of money. They are chiefly Dutch; their habitations, tho' small, are perfectly neat, and the Dutchman's house is always designated, by a garden adjoining it. Every attention appears to be

paid to this. The Dutch can easily be distinguished by their short and fleshy appearance. The contour of their faces is round, and a thin Dutchman is seldom seen. The females are pretty, and remarkably civil and pleasant. The males are more rough and plain. The fields of this state are always full of husbandmen, and prove the farmer to be industrious. Great attention is bestowed on raising horses. Every pasture has a colt in it, many are seen in the road. At Somers I saw the most beautiful beast I ever beheld. He is of the New York breed tho' more care is bestowed on him than on common horses. We came on the turnpike, an excellent road. The river Couton flowed by our side, in a line nearly parallel to the road. It accompanied us for ten miles and increased the pleasure of the ride, very much. Now and then, the stream was interrupted by a waterfall, by which a mill was erected. The river, for some distance, flowed in under an arch, formed by the trees on its banks. We crossed it often and left it with regret. This road is

very much travelled. The country produce is transported by this route to New York City and then exchanged; the turnpike is filled with Dutch waggons, drawn by two horses, passing to and fro, with commerce of some kind. The soil of this state is rich and fertile and the season far advanced. The trees are well leaved and full of blossoms. After leaving Somers I found I had overpaid the landlord. When he informed me of the sum of my bill, I tho't it amounted to many shillings. At too late an hour I recollected that New York money had eight shillings in a dollar. My consolation consisted in making it an useful lesson. The entrance to Mount Pleasant is very delightful; after traversing lengthy hills, and fatigued with climbing their sides, we reached the summit of one, from which we discovered Mount Pleasant and at the same instant, the north river (Hudson) and Catskill Mountains. A scene so novel, and comprehending so much, did not fail to excite our admiration. From this eminence the first view was extended

over the fields adjacent to the town. In doubt whether to call them fields or gardens, for awhile we mused on their beauty. The white houses of the village, next attracted the wandering eye. To delineate with correctness the features of this, is difficult. Nature appears to have formed this spot, at the first on the lists of romance. The houses are scattered, and fancy in her true robes is displayed in their situations. Many are built by Englishmen. Selecting the most romantic lots, they have adorned them with houses corresponding to their nature. The Gothic style is strictly followed, and fancy added to simplicity, surpasses magnificence. Thro' the centre of the town, a chasm of a hundred feet measures its base, and on the bridge o'erhanging its stream the immense depth can be fathomed. The whole village is the most romantic scene imaginable. Impatient to see the rest, the bold, craggy side of the Catskill Mountains, claimed the bewildered eye of the spectator. Buried in the floating clouds, their shaggy heads, were almost in-

visible, while the smooth waters of the Hudson, forbid their rough sides from chafing the green lawn of the Pleasant Mount. On the soft bosom of this gently gliding river, vessels o'erspread with canvas, were wafted by the silent gale. From the town we followed their course to the opposite shore and supposed the distance across to measure half a mile; astonishing to relate, it measures over four. This deception is produced by the immense height on the opposite side. From the hills in the town six or seven villages can be descried on the banks of the river. We spent half a day at this place in contemplating the wonderful works of nature.

May 12th — After passing the forenoon at Mount Pleasant, as I have just related, we rode to Colobark, six miles, to cross the river. Here we were detained several hours by the absence of the ferry boat. After persuading the owner of a vessel to carry us over, which astonished our horses, we came to Havre Straw and shall rest here. It is a pleasant

town, situated directly on the bank of the river, which we can view from our beds. The prospect commanded, extends many miles down the river and is truly delightful. While I write, the bright rays of the moon illuminate the whole surface of the river. This river extends 250 miles into the country and has steam boats passing as far up as Albany.

May 13th — We left Havre Straw and for 16 miles had the worst and most scandalous road I ever was in. There was great danger of breaking the wheels and for my part I was prepared for a fall from my horse. For this distance we rode at the foot of a long chain of mountains, and at the end of the bad road entered the state of New Jersey. The boundary commenced at Hampston, thro' which we came. The part of New York, we passed thru' today, had nearly lessoned the favorable opinion already formed of it. The settlements are mostly Dutch, and present a pitiful scene. Idleness and poverty entice ruin to the doors of their huts, and

children clothed in rags lay around the entrances of these hovels. The barren and stoney soil of the country, entails misery on its owners. Such is the situation of the back part of New York. Enter the state of New Jersey and the past yields to the present. The remaining part of our ride, being 16 miles, was directed thro' a long valley, beautiful by Nature. On the right, the former range of mountains still continued their line, and the left was bounded by a chain of small hills and again by copse of trees. Down the valley a winding stream gently laned the mountain's base, and over this, willows and other trees bowed their heads.

Now, beneath the shades and blossoms of the apple, the little cottage scarce was seen. While the labouring beast prepared the ground behind for the reception of seed. The scene was delightful to the weary stranger. The cottages were built partly of stone and partly of wood. Some were log houses; both, tho' mean were perfectly neat. The barns

and other buildings were covered with thatch, and the whole composed the true cottage style. The soil cannot be equalled for its richness. Some labour is requisite to clear the lands of the many loose stones covering its surface. The land is chiefly tilled by the aid of horses, and few cattle are employed on these farms. Every cottage has six or seven slaves, and the doors were filled with the infant sons of Africa. The slaves assisted in tilling the grounds, but did the most laborious part. Some were employed with clearing the fields of the lesser rocks. Others were entrusted with greater power. The sun now setting left each at his work, and the whole valley, presented the most beautiful scene, that the pencil of a Raphael could imitate and embellish, or the genius of a Scott could describe. We are now at Pompton which is a thin settled village. Our Inn is well attended and furnishes as good entertainment and better than we have had for some days. Yesterday I discovered my horse to have the distemper common to that animal; I applied

remedies of different natures and shall, I think, remove the disorder. His back has been much out of order for some days, and troubles me considerably. I shall soon have the skill of a farrier, should he have many other ails. By accident my bottle of medicine was broken in my saddle bags, and had nearly ruined many articles. The mountains before mentioned, take their rise from the Hudson and extend in an uninterrupted chain to the Allegany. The ignorance of the people in the back of New York state exceeds everything. At an inn, I enquired the name of the town we were then at, of a lad 14 years old, and he could not tell it. Many such instances occurred. The original Dutch speak their own language, but their children are taught English at the schools. They are plain, honest people, who think of nothing but their own concerns, and are attentive to themselves, in preference to others.

May 14th — The town of Pompton is situated on an extensive plain. The beginning

of it is three or four miles before you enter the town, and is extended for twice that distance on the other side of it. The land is astonishingly fertile, and in the highest state of cultivation. Very large orchards whose trees are ranged in long rows, with regularity and taste, and whose blossoms were now falling, ornamented at intervals the one side; the other was divided into plowed fields of half a mile in length. This plain is the most beautiful I have seen. On leaving it, a copse of woods ended its extent, and they could well be compared to English forests. Little Dutch buildings were scattered over the plain, and back of these an oven is always stationed, forsaken and alone. The road for 6 miles was very fine, and after that distance, we passed for 16 miles over a terrible road. My companion in driving over a bridge under the water, ran off by the side and almost swam his carriage ashore. At another time, in walking up a hill, he sunk two feet in the mud, and with difficulty extricated himself. For this part of the ride, we were caught in the

rain; it lasted untill we came to Morristown. Here we dined, and determined to wait for morning. But the rain abated, and having 10 miles to ride, to make a day's journey, we tho't best to push for Chester. From Pompton we passed thro' Morristown, Mendon, to Chester. The town of Morristown is situated 28 miles south of New York. It is quite a large town and contains many dwellings, houses, a bank, court house and four taverns. It furnishes the public with two newspapers, which contain much political news. It is some like a seaport town and much business is transacted there. Mendon is a pleasant town, tho' small. This state is very delightful. The inhabitants differ from any we have yet met. They are easy and decent in their behavior, and always obliging and ready. They take great interest in giving information when asked for, and have none of the curiosity or officiousness of Connecticut. They are first rate farmers and reap a plentiful harvest for a reward. A very respectable person, Judge Ryerson, is im-

mensely rich. He owns three saw mills, three furnaces, as many forges, besides many other mills. A short time since, he purchased some thousands of acres of land, and from information received is a rich man. The inns we have met with in New Jersey are the best we have had, and the people the most obliging. The ride from Morristown is beautiful. The country retained its usual productive soil, and the same degree of cultivation. I am now in Chester, and from the hill on which this inn stands, I can see that on which Morristown is situated. The landlord is a genteel man, and has much information. He has travelled to Pittsburgh and intends giving me a list of the best houses and the best route. I shall benefit much by his information. He has given me, also much advice as to the treatment of my horse who is an invalid. When a landlord is found, who is able and willing to inform you, as the above does, it is the source of great gratification to the traveller. I parted with my friends after we left Morristown, for the purpose of arriving

before night could overtake me, they being unable in general to ride as fast as myself. The rain has made the roads so heavy, that they have not arrived. I suppose they have put up at Mendon, and will breakfast with me in the morning, as it is only 5 miles. Our progress on this journey has been rather slow. The rain and bad roads have detained us greatly. Some days we have travelled not a step, some only 18 miles; at others 25, and we have, part of the time, travelled our day's journey, which we limit to 30. My landlord has given me hopes of being more regular. On the way I met a stage with three horses abreast. This I hear is a custom in New Jersey. They travel much faster and easier in this manner. I also met a waggon; whose pole was constructed so as to oblige the horses to stride the ruts. The pole is a foot too short and compels the beasts to go on the outside of the wheels to avoid being run over by them. The man said, without this aid, he could not travel, these roads being full of ruts. He has come over the Al-

legany mountains. The fertility of the hills in this state is astonishing. Scarce one is seen whose sides are not highly cultivated, or whose top is not very productive. I have just discovered that a sharper has passed a counterfeit bill on to me. I shall be on the watch in the future. Fortunately it was but small.

May 15th — My companions arrived this morning, after having rode 6 miles in the rain, and moderately wet. I had the advantage of them, having come the same distance, without being rained upon. I had another and a more important advantage, that was, an excellent inn, and landlord. They were in a wretched condition and rejoiced at the change by morning. The rain detained untill one in the afternoon. We left Maj. Maccourrys Inn after being well entertained, by his conversation and house. We rode 18 miles to Mansfield in Sussex county. We passed thro' Morris county and Hauterton county. This state and New York are di-

vided partly into townships and countys. We cannot be precise in our route as if they were towns. We are now in Sussex county. The first part of our ride was pleasant. We soon began to ascend the Scooley mountains, being a continuation of those we passed yesterday. They continue to Virginia. The length of the road, from the time we began to ascend, untill we reached the top of the mountain, is nearly 2 miles. When at the greatest height an extensive plain opened to our view, and from it, mountains heaped on mountains, were seen in all directions. At one point, the rays of the sun pointed out a ridge which I had just viewed as the blue etherial. From their immense distance, I concluded they were the Allegany. I have since learned them to be the Blue Ridge, which we cross before we come to the Allegany. By this time we commenced the descent from this chain, having crossed it. The declivity is as great or greater than the ascent. When we had nearly descended, the most beautiful of plains opened to our view.

It extended for some miles; from a small eminence in the centre of this delightful valley, I commanded the whole prospect. Encircled in mountains, this valley is covered with fine orchards, for which this state is renowned. At different parts, pleasing collections of houses were situated, round the foot of the mountain a stream of purling water winded, whose murmurs increased the pleasure of the moment. This is the most picturesque scene, with which we have met. I can give only a faint idea of it. A curious circumstance occurred on the top of the mountain. On passing a tavern, a man on horseback rode up to me, and after going a little distance, with much labour informed me, that he was drunk; he then made a few remarks, and observed that he was tossed on his horse like a ship on the ocean, which he had hardly finished, when he pitched from his seat, and fell to the ground. His horse stood guard over him, and not being able to succor him I left him to recover his senses. In this state, many cattle are raised, which

appear lean and small. Cattle and grain are the chief productions of New Jersey.

May 16th—We left Mansfield this morn, and rode 13 miles to breakfast at Easton. This is the first day, in travelling 300 miles, that I felt the fatigue of my journey. It has come on me all at once, and I shall not recover my strength for two or more days, after which, as is always the case, I shall feel no more. The ride to Easton is pleasant and continues the whole thro' the former plain. The rain and fertile soil rendered the roads excessively bad. The entrance to Easton is delightful. Nothing of the town is seen untill, ascending a hill, it appears almost under you. At the bottom of the hill, the river Delaware directs its course. Over this an elegant bridge is thrown. It rests on three large arches, and over the bridge a close cover is raised. This preserves it from the rain. Two carriages can ride abreast and it is divided in the middle. The appearance resembles a rope walk. Easton is quite large

and the buildings are either of stone or brick. A handsome courthouse is in the centre of the town; the houses are regular and handsome. A violent shower detained us here, untill one o'clock, when we proceeded on to Bethlehem.[1] The ride was pleasant, and tho' showers passed on every side and very near, we were fortunate enough to escape. The country is very fine. The most extensive and luxuriant fields of clover cover the farm, and the soil is profusely rich. No labour is entailed on the horses who plow, and the ground voluntarily yields to the implement. Every farmer has four beautiful horses who are constantly employed in the field. This animal appears to be in his native climate and proper element. No person is seen on a horse that is not handsome, and a horse in low flesh never appears. We lodged at Bethlehem and 20 or 30 were seated at table, all of whom were to go in the next stages. This town is rendered famous for a Moravian

[1] Bethlehem founded by the Moravians under leadership of Count Nikolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf in 1741.

establishment, or seminary existing in it.[1] Seven hundred members constitute this society, divided into several classes. The first consists of widows, another of sisters or single women, and third of young ladies, a fourth of young men, besides some others. The society is very rich, and has a most elegant church, and two or more buildings for the members school etc. Fortunately for us there was a meeting in the eve, to which we went. After being well seated, the bell informed of the approach of the members, the males already seated. The widows entered first in couples, next came the sisters and lastly the young ladies, all in couples, and marching to a tune from the organ. The minister followed by the officers closed the procession. The doors being closed, the minister, an elderly man, appointed a tune. The organ played it, and the whole congregation joined. The harmony of voices was perfect,

[1] The Moravians established a church boarding school in 1749 and reorganized it in 1785 for girls of all denominations. Colonial Hall described by Gerry was used as a general hospital for the Continental Army.

and the treble was delightful.[1] This tune was chanted in English and German, for half an hour, when the members returned in the same order as when entering. Their mode of dress is peculiarly simple and neat. The elderly women have thin and tight caps covering their whole heads, and tied under the chin with red ribon, they are dressed in plain white (I presume) gowns, with a shawl. Some were covered with a black cloak. The widows and sisters dress alike. The young ladies wear a cap half over the head, tied in the same manner. They were dressed in white gowns, with white shawls. The simplicity and symetry of their dress rendered them highly interesting to me. Their hair was plaited flat over the front of their head and forehead. At the tavern a respectable old gentleman, probably an overseer, offered to conduct us to this meeting. In the morning he carried us over the church and other

[1] From early days Bethlehem had a national reputation as a music center and has been referred to as "the American Bayreuth."

buildings. The church is an elegant and expensive building. It is 140 by 60 and has a large cupola. The hall is 90 by 60 and has windows from the top to the floor nearly. The area is filled with movable benches with backs; at the head is an elevated platform, ascended by three steps circular, on which is a table covered with black, and behind it is a chair for the bishop. On each side are seats for the officers. At the other end is a superb organ, and the sweetest toned I ever heard. The construction is new, and the performer faces the speaker. Opposite this, and over the table is a pulpit and on each side small galleries. There are many other apartments, for private meetings, vestry etc. We next went into different rooms in the other buildings; in one was a collection of specimens of their needlework for sale. We saw several at work on different articles. In another room were 50 single beds for the sisters. Every individual is employed in some manner and none are idle. The Misses Academy has at present 80 scholars. They are taught

history, geography, and many branches of literature, besides painting, music and all kinds of needlework. Their education is procured for 200$ a year. The regulations of the society are strict; marriages are permitted and the female is recommended, tho' the male is not compelled to accept. Every person of the society is entitled to the profits of their labour, and the scholars to the enjoyment of their own tenets. The town are all Moravians. The graveyard is divided, one side for male and the other for female. They are buried in rows the length of the yard and when one is ended another begins. On the centre of the grave a small square and white grave stone is laid flat. When a person dies, a band of trumpeters and horns go into the cupola of the church and make it known for some miles; the body is then laid in a small house called the corpse house and remains until buried. The house is closed and a lamp kept burning. Persons sick with epidemical disorders are sent there for recovery. The scholars are sent from all parts of the coun-

try and do not belong to the society, but come only for the benefit of the academy. The society own the white village, (5000 acres) and a member can leave or not at the end of every year. I neglected to mention that May 16th we entered the state of Pennsylvania, the line distant from Easton half a mile.

May 17th — This morn, after shewing the church &c. our friend carried us to the water works which supply the town. The water is brought from an excellent spring by logs, and carried to a mill; by the help of wheels it is then raised 140 feet to a reservoir, ¼ of a mile from the machine, from whence it is conducted to every house in town. The roads detained us until noon, when we left this pleasant town, and crossing a ferry came to Allentown; the carriage detained us three hours, and we only came to Trexelers, 14 miles. The ride was thro' a delightful country, cultivated by farmers, many worth 20 or 50 thousand pounds. We were shown at Allentown a flour mill, which separates the

chaff from the grain, grinds it, and bolts it in succession. It is carried from the bottom to the top of the mill up a spout, then falls half way and is ground, and comes to the floor, good flour.

May 18th — We left our inn this morn and breakfasted at Kutstown. Here a jockey offered to change horses even; suspecting him, I immediately accepted. Not expecting such an answer, he must have thirty dollars also. After insisting on my right to change even, and preferring my own horse, tho' worth less, by half, to him, I wished a jockied-jockey good morning. We then rode to Reading. This state is really delightful. Fields of luxuriant clover, sown in beds, excellent grass, and grain planted in the same manner, are plenty in every direction. All classes of quadrupeds feast in common, in clover fields, covering some entirely. Scenes the most rich and luxuriant are seen all ways. No country can exceed this. The forests are clear and elegant, the timber small, except

the last 3 miles. The good farmer is known by his barns, which can very frequently contain two of his dwelling houses; all care is bestowed on that alone, when the house is only decent. Their work is done by horses altogether. The women partake in the labour of the husband, and the field has from one to five in it at once. The women plant, hoe, load the waggons, and do all kinds of farming, except plow and drive the horses. At taverns the women often harness the horses and are more expert than the men. In the fields they are more active by far. The people at Beth. appear perfectly happy and are very benevolent, as is evident from their conduct to us. The taverns are fine and the people always obliging. I can give their character better, when I have seen more. Many strange birds have appeared to me and some beautiful. The people are all Dutch and it is very difficult to make them understand us, even the tavern keepers often. To some we make signs. English schools are becoming numerous. At Bethlehem, there is

no jail, court-house or lawyers. All cases are decided by a committee for the purpose. No person can purchase land in the town but Moravians.

May 19th— We left Reading this morn and were detained one hour by the ferry, close by it. This is a pleasant town, and is of some magnitude. There are 5000 inhabitants in the town itself. A great number of stores well furnished, are open, and they have regular fare-days.[1] One broad street, houses chiefly brick, goes thro' the town lengthways, and is ¾ of a mile long. From this others branch off at right angles. In the centre is a long market and court house. We saw 5000 chimney martins go round in a circle and then descend one chimney of the court house, where they roost. After riding over horrid roads, made so by heavy waggons, we came to Womelsduff, a small village. Here we dined and were amused with a tune on the

[1] Liancourt eighteen years before found Reading having about 500 houses, many log and dilapidated, and with little or no trade.

*JAMES GERRY*

Brother of Elbridge Gerry, Jr.

*From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the possession of Thomas Gerry Townsend.*

piano, from the landlord's ladies, who were well informed and pleasant company. These are the first females approaching to ladies that we have met. On our ride to this place we passed thro' delightful forests, as we did yesterday. To escape the bad road, we entered one, a few rods, thro' which several cooling streams ran. At this instant a bugle horn winded its notes at a short distance, and rendered the scene truly romantic; to me especially, as I had just finished reading Scott's description of Bertram's flight, which made me imagine myself in chase of him. We arrived at Lebanon and rest tonight here. The fame of the state is still supported in soil, tho' the people this day have not improved.

May 20th — We left Lebanon and passed thro' Millerton, Humbleton and came to Harrisburgh. The ride between these towns, the three first of which are small villages, is very similar to yesterday's. We crossed a ferry; and the country affords little variety.

I discovered my horse to be lame and found a farrier who helped him some. He is a little foundered, but can be cured. The town of Harrisburgh is the seat of Government of this State. It contains 400 houses, 40 of them being taverns. There are 3000 inhabitants, and the town is very handsome.[1] On one side, the Susquehannah takes its course, and is a mile broad; in it are many islands, and the river is an ornament to the town and country.

May 21st — We were detained at Harrisburgh an hour this morn by our clothes when we crossed the river Susquehannah by ferry. This is a beautiful river; it is shallow enough to admit of the boats being poled over it, and is 1¼ mile broad. A bridge is now building, which crosses a pleasant island in the middle of the stream. The ride was now thro' a delightful forest of some length. The whole ride is thro' such forests, sometimes

[1] Liancourt was also impressed with the town, the buildings "better constructed than in most places."

for a mile. We came thro' Carlisle, the only town. This state is divided into townships and countys, and it is difficult to mention the whole; we are now in Dickerson's township, Cumberland County, at a place called Walnutbottom, where we lodge tonight. To enumerate the countys &c. would leave no time for other information; I therefore omit them. The country to C. is very fine, and has many excellent farms. The roads are and have been impassable for a chaise owing to the rutts. We have seen a number of grain fields whose flowing surface is very handsome; some are large and forward. The forests are so clean from brush as to admit our riding thro' them all, and this is refreshing, their leaves protecting us from the darting rays of the sun. Carlisle is larger than Harrisburgh and is as handsome. It is said to resemble Nashville (Tennessee), tho' the houses are not as handsome. Here is a college containing 100 students. They have but one college, which is a handsome building.[1]

[1] Dickinson College, established in 1783. Roger Taney graduated here a few years before Gerry's visit.

It is of stone and is very long, has a cupola and white stone windows and door frames, which produces a good appearance. The students live out in town; the president has an established house. The heat compelled us to stop here some hours and being fast day thro' the state, we saw much company. When I ordered grain to be given to my horse, I was told he had already done it. On my asking who ordered it, the answer was, we make it a rule. This is a singular instance, as a man is compelled to pay for what he did not order. The remainder of the journey was thro' a country some resembling Mass. which differs from most of the states. We pass or meet a great many heavy waggons drawn by five or six horses, which go from Pitsburgh to Philadelphia with produce &c. We often meet 50 a day.

May 22nd — We left our retreat of last night, and passed thro' Shippensburgh and Strasburgh to the valley between the first and second Kittoohtinny mountains, near

the Allegany. It is in Lettrekenny township, Franklin county. The first part of the ride was not so pleasant as usual, being thro' pine woods; and land apparently barren, but which is very good. Walnutbottom is in a valley and is a pretty place. The change commenced after leaving it. Shippensburgh is a small village whose houses are principally log, and is a disagreeable town. The houses give a melancholy look to a place, wherever they are situated. To Strasburgh the ride was more pleasant. The sides of the road were skirted with woods many of which we rode in. Strasburgh is a little town with miserable houses. We had now three miles to go, and then the day's journey was finished. The ride was beautiful. It was the commencement of the many mountains to be passed. It was over one of three which I have just named. The road is three miles across, and half that distance is ascent and half descent. The prospect from the summit is extensive and sublime. For many miles beneath the whole country appears like

a level plane, or more like the ocean in a gentle breese. The areas of the different fields are fully seen, and interspersed with these are copse of green trees. The fields presented, some a yellow, some a green appearance. The trees, some a dark, some a bright green. At the foot of us, was the village, which appeared simple, and between was a carpet of velvet green, made of the tops of the trees. On the right was the greatest peak of the mountain, which was separated from us by an immense gulf, lined with rough rocks and tall trees growing from their fissures. Half way on the side a lonely cottage stood. The dead silence was interrupted by the pensive note of the nightingale, and the chiming of the Puinck. While viewing the picture, a female voice reached my ears, and after singing a song or two, she discovered me, much to her surprise and confusion. The descent is not so cheerful. On one side is a chasm of vast depth, at whose bottom a murmuring stream is heard; the precipice is fearful and covered with rocks. This continues

the whole way down. At the foot is a valley and in it the tavern of our abode. It is close under the side. The road thro' the mountain in some places is very narrow and deep. My companions unfortunately met a waggon in one of these. Unable to retreat or advance, they were compelled to lift their carriage out of the road, the precipice leaving hardly room. This is only a prelude to the Allegany and scarcely worth mentioning. Flocks of sheep are more plenty tho' seldom seen. For many miles back none were to be seen.

May 23rd — We remain at this place today in order to rest our horses, before ascending the mountains. We are in a very good house and have the good fortune to be with a landlord who has three pretty and pleasant daughters. The morn has been showery and the mountains are covered with clouds, the appearance is new to us, but we may pass thro' them soon. On entering the valley, I put up at another tavern, beyond this. But

not pleased with appearances, I walked back and gave my friends warning to return to the present. This they cheerfully did, and after informing my lady that they had mistaken the house, I told her I regretted I must join them. I am well pleased with the change tho' I affronted her. The mountains appear very handsome from here. A beautiful stream runs in front of the house, over which is a stone bridge. The people begin to talk more English. This state 'till lately have been almost all Germans, and with difficulty we could make them understand us. They can all say one word; that is, *what?* Many cultivate their farms, which are worth 60 thousand dollars. Land is very high, the worst will bring 50 dollars and the best 300 dollars, and tho' so high, it is in great demand. It is singular they do not live on the interest of their farms. But they prefer cultivating, to enjoying the interest of their farms.

May 24th — We set out from our trancient abode this morn, to continue our journey, and

to renew our labour in ascending the mountains buried in the clouds. Scarce had we measured 100 rods before the bolt connecting the fore wheels to the body of my companion's carriage broke, and let it fall, with one of them at the heels of the horse, the other, being on foot. This we expected would be a serious accident. But by chance, a blacksmith came by, whose shop was near, and in an hour and a half the evil was remedied. We had anticipated a cool morn to cross the mountains, but this accident delayed us untill late, and it proving oppressively warm, the labour was increased three-fold. These mountains are seven miles over. The ascent of one, is two miles, the other nearly equal. I changed horses on the second, and so intense were the rays of the sun on the side of the mountain, that I nearly fainted, before I was half up, and a short breese came in season to revive me. The others were as exhausted as myself. But we have another still worse to climb. On the side of one mountain is an old woman, whose master, discharged with

little ceremony. Destitute of support, she resorted to a cave in this place. Here she opened an ale shop, made of the rocks, and is visited by travellers. A faithful dog guards her retreat, and a limpid fountain supplies her with water. Contentment and ease encircle her grounds, and cold Bruin himself cannot alienate her affection to the life of a hermitess. After surmounting the difficulties of crossing these mountains, we stopped to rest. After commencing again, a heavy shower had nearly entrapt us. But a tavern afforded protection just in time. When the clouds had vented their anger, we once more attempted to proceed. The clouds deceived us, and having rode 4 miles in a gentle shower, thro' a thick woods echoing with thunder, and brightened with the electric flash, we arrived at a place called Fort Littleton, in Bedford county. Having come 12 miles, in half that number of hours, and well fatigued, the heavy shower forbid a greater progress for this day. The time will not pass heavy, for we are again blessed with a charm-

ing girl, whose interesting beauty can only be known to him who feels. Where is the heart of adamant, that is not pierced by beauty's charms!

*Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent,*
*Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent.*

I hasten to finish, that I may enjoy her conversation. We passed thro' Fannetsburgh, the only town. The prospects from the mountains are limited by each other. One looks into a valley and is very fine. The roads are rough and difficult to pass. We passed a place called Burnt Cabins, an Indian town being destroyed during the last war in this place.

May 25th — We left the fort this morn, after taking leave of the "Lady of the Woods" and immediately entered a pine woods in which we rode for ten miles, not seeing a grain field, or anything else, than valleys and hills of pine trees and rocks, for the whole distance. The road was good, but a continuation of hills spoilt them. Wishing to

ride faster than the others, I went before and stopped at the crossings of the Juniata, where I dined. The hills and rocks were visible most of the way, and now and then a field of grain appeared. This was the prospect accompanying me for this day. The river Juniata is crossed by a bridge supported by chains, and is from this called the chain bridge. It is 85 yards long; and the ends rest on stone piers, and over them is a frame, like a gallows. From this frame on each side, an immense iron chain descends one third over the bridge, and then goes under the abutements for the last third. The fall of this chain makes an angle of 45 degrees. From this chain, others are let fall perpendicularly, and thus support the whole fabric. The reason for its not resting on piers, is, that the quantity of ice and timber, floating down the stream would soon destroy them. I waited at this place for my companions the remainder of the afternoon, and at last suspected an accident detained them. At twilight my suspicions were confirmed by a trav-

eller, and I was informed that they were at a tavern ½ a mile back. I walked back, and soon learnt that after I had left them a short time, the bolt of their carriage had broken twice. This happened on a small mountain of a mile in length. The first time, ropes were made to supply the place of iron. Before they reached the top of the hill, it gave away again, and they were compelled to walk ½ a mile to a smith. By waiting two or three hours, they were enabled to proceed. A repetition of the same misfortune, a little disheartened them. But the remedy gave courage, and they rode 16 miles, the memory of past evils having almost ceased. When within 2 miles of this place, the ill graces of fortune guided their horse into a deep rut, and in an instant, overturned the carriage and every article therein, into a deep mud puddle. This almost overturned their spirits, in addition. After rallying once more, raising the carriage, fragments were seen to fall from behind. Inspection proved the back to be broken and the unfortunate

bolt also. The baggage too, was drenched, and to my sorrow a small bundle of my own clothes besmeared with mud water. Some travellers came in season to aid them in setting things to rights, and not knowing that I was near, they stopped a short distance from me. We are now separated and I hope sleep will drown the sorrows of the day. Variety constitutes the pleasures of travelling, so I consider it, as I have my own accidents, as a new scene, only presenting a more interesting picture than usual. We have passed over Sideling Hill, which is the small mountain, the scene of part of this day's accidents.

May 26th — My friends joined me this morn, and gave a dismal account of their tavern. It looked like a savage haunt, and was inferior in quality. One was so severely assailed in bed, as to be unable to sleep for the night. After accompanying them three miles I went before to have breakfast prepared. They had already stopped at a smith's to have their bolt mended. I soon

learnt that it had broken twice, after the first repairing, and they were compelled to draw the carriage by hand ½ a mile. In three or four hours we met again and partook of a reviving breakfast. Having had a shower we proceeded to Bedford in a gentle rain and rest here tonight, travelling this day 15 miles and for 4 days having come 46 miles. Repairing the carriage occupied the remainder of this afternoon. Thinking it my turn to meet with accidents, on examination, I found my horse to be sick with a dangerous disorder called the butts. The ostler understands the nature of horses, and has applied remedies. I have ordered him to kill or cure the beast by morn, and his report says he will be well by that time. I feel quite easy on two accounts, one is that I can surely go a hundred miles farther on him, and then I can take the stage; another is, I consider it as a traveller's interest to pass thro' new scenes. We met with the very travellers who helped my friends when upset. Last eve, they were in the same difficulty themselves, only much

worse. It being dark, they drove into a hole, and they were all covered in a large mud puddle. Half were asleep and when aroused thus, they with difficulty opened their eyes. This convinced my companions they were not alone. We have another storm tonight, but are become so accustomed to such delays, that they are no longer obstacles to our journey. The whole of today's ride was on the banks, or in view of the Juniata River. This was very pleasant, but would have been more so, if it had been on a warm day, then the sight of so handsome a river would have cooled the heated blood. We passed a stream called the Bloody Run. Whence the name arose I know not. The country is more pleasant than it has been for some days. Bedford [1] is a small village; they have a court house and a few attorneys in the town. Mechanics constitute a greater part of the inhabitants. We here saw a funeral, and were made acquainted with a singular custom.

[1] Bedford was a storm center during the Whiskey Rebellion, and nineteen years before, Washington had appeared there with the troops.

The paulholders wear white bands around their hats and arms. It appears singular to strangers. The coffin is raised in the middle and is uncovered. The paul bearers supply the place of coffin bearers, and the men walk separate from the women.

May 27th — Having refitted and again equipped, we renewed our journey. From Bedford, we came this day to Stoyerstown 30 miles, and over the Allegany besides. We flattered ourselves with the hopes of little more perplexity, untill we should reach Pittsburgh. But flattery proved deceptive, and again was followed by another interesting scene, with which travellers always are liable to meet. From Bedford, we rode 9 miles over hills and thro' valleys which wear a garb similar to the mountains. Pine trees, the evidence of a wild country, covered the face of the land. We here stopped to rest, before ascending the backbone of America. To relieve my neighboring horse, I changed, and put mine into the carriage for the next stage

of 6 miles. With much toil, we ascended the Allegany, walking, as usual, ourselves. As a reward for our difficulty in reaching the summit, we expected an extensive prospect. To our displeasure, the view was totally obstructed by the intervening trees. The road up the mountain is one of the best we have past in this State. This mountain differs much from those already past. The top on the eastern side is almost destitute of trees, and at a short distance appeared quite smooth. The side is thinly covered, and these circumstances give a much darker appearance, than the others, being well clad with green foliage. The weather was favorable for crossing this mountain and the clouds screened us from the beams of the sun. The road is perfumed with fragrant flowers, and the sweet savoured wild honeysuckle dissipated its odours far and wide. We were now three miles from a tavern. I was mounted on my companion's horse, and intended to preserve my seat to the tavern. At the foot of an eminence we stopped to

rest both man and beast. All at once our conversation turned on the complaint of my own horse. The others were consoling themselves on the good health of their own. I advised them not to rely too much on appearances. While the conversation continued, I observed the horse to have new motions and actions. While looking in his mouth to see if he had signs of the disorder, that my horse was affected with, his movements convinced me that an attack of some kind was commencing. I immediately took off my saddle baggs (intending that they should not be involved in the fray) and determined to reach the tavern if possible. I had now nearly three miles to lead the sick animal. I knew what remedies to apply, and hurried to escape the notice of the others, and thus to avoid alarming them. But before this could be done, the horse became very sick. Their disposition is always to roll, in such disorders. So great were his endeavours to this end, that for 2½ miles, I was obliged to keep pace with a fast trot, not hav-

ing time to regain my breath fully once. In this way I brought him to the tavern. I now let him roll at his ease. With a great deal of difficulty I persuaded the surly old woman to prepare the proper remedies. My friends had by this time overtaken me, as they tho't, to witness his death. Endeavouring in vain to persuade a more surly, brutal man to assist, we ourselves gave the medicine. This relieved the pain and the horse soon recovered, to the joy of myself and companions alone, for the infernal Dutch people appeared insensible to any but brutal passion. The treatment received determined us to go the next stage of nine miles, and I again made mine the carriage horse. Not desirous of having more to do with a sick horse, I resigned my whip and spurs and changed my seat for one of the others, who soon left us behind. From this place to the end of 9 miles, we had the worst road, I may safely affirm, that was ever passed by a private carriage. With the utmost difficulty we arrived at Stoyerstown, having been 4 hours in coming

9 miles. Three miles distant, darkness overtook us, and for nearly that distance I led the horse thro' mud holes over my boots and almost the whole way over my insteps in mud. Patience and exertion bro't us to a horrible hill a third of a mile long. The anticipation of reaching an excellent tavern added strength to us, but not to the horse, almost fainthearted, and at 9 at night we reached the inn. The first person we met was the landlord. How did I feel, when calling for a servant, the landlord, out of humour, answered, we are full and cannot accommodate you. I, in turn, reply'd in a mild and positive tone, we could not return and he must find room. This gain'd admittance, and by treating him with a studied politeness, we so soothed his temper, that his attention shows his shame, for giving such a reception, to strangers kidnapped by darkness. A good supper finished the day's journey. To describe the country in the last of our ride, is to say the face was covered with a veil of darkness. If we judge of its appearance by

the roads thro' it, 'tis a pitiful country.

May 28th — Another storm detained us at Stoyerstown untill one in the afternoon. We then rode 9 miles to Dennisons Tavern in Somersett County, and this is this day's progress. The horse was well by morn, and to relieve him, my comrades trusted most of their baggage to a Philadelphia waggon. My horse appears to be benefited by his labour, and his limbs are both stretched and made nimble. S'town is small and only tolerable. We asked the woman of the house to wash a few articles, and received as an answer, " The people of this town are too independent to wash for strangers." I from this conclude, they are generally so wealthy as to be independent, tho' many are poor. The roads to this place would have been good, had the rain not spoilt them. It is over high hills and some remind us of the mountains. The country is some better than it has been for days. This is the most mountainous part of Pensilvania. The

*THOMAS R. GERRY*

Thomas, the brother of Elbridge Gerry, Jr., married Hannah Goelet in 1830. This reproduction of the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart which was in the possession of Elbridge Thomas Gerry, is here published for the first time, through the courtesy of Mrs. Robert Livingston Gerry.

face of the country must be changed in the neighborhood of mountains; the climate must be more cool, and from what we have experienced, the seasons must be more rainy. Grain fields here are more plenty and the general appearance of the country is more promising. The Allegany is 15 miles across, and so irregular is the western descent, that the repeated assurance of individuals, could scarcely convince us that we were descending a mountain. It is remarkable, that the eastern side of all the mountains are steeper and far more smooth than the western. The latter is indiscriminately rough and uneven.



May 29th — The storm continued unchanged untill this morn. It then moderated into misty rain. The weather has made the roads so nearly impassable, that we crossed Laurel Hill and came to Ramsey's tavern at Fort Ligoniar, being 10 miles in 5 hours. I pushed my horse as fast as possible, and could not travel the distance in less time. We are rewarded for the labour, by reaching one

of the best taverns in this State. Laurel Hill is the name given to a mountain 7 miles across. It is the worse mountain, in every manner, that we have crossed. The ascent is 3 miles, and very steep and rough. The other 4 miles is truly horrid. Tho' a gradual descent, it is a continual bed of rocks or large stones. In some places, the horse was at a loss how to proceed. The general aspect of the hill is the most wild and dreary. The timber is large, and the woods are crowded with underbrush, and fallen trees and rocks. Gray squirrels were seen in all directions, and were very impudent. The country begins to resume its cheering looks, and more farms are seen, producing flowing grain fields. Our accommodations at the last tavern were deplorable without necessity. Before an hour's sleep had refreshed my weary limbs, I was most furiously attacked, by an immense number of Indians in bed, who made a general onset, accompanied by a war whoop from a child in the next room. After sustaining the conflict for 30 minutes, I was

forced from my encampment, and closely pursued to the centre of the floor. Here I entrenched between two blankets, and was strongly besieged, exposed the whole time, to the darts and arrows of lurking parties of savages. After holding out untill all my ammunition and courage was exhausted, I resolved to make a bold salley and force my way thro' them. I soon accoutred myself and collecting all my forces, I effected a regular retreat, downstairs, into the front room. I immediately returned thanks for this safe delivery, having compleately silenced the enemy's battery. During the action, I distinctly heard several engagements in the next room. An old man was taken with the colic at the same time. At first I tho't I was taken with the measles, having been in a house with a sick child. But I soon found that the measles had legs, and was convinced of my error. I passed the remainder of the night by a good fire I built, pleased with my fortunate and well managed escape. The prospect from Laurel Hill was intercepted by the

clouds thro' which we rode. They appear like mist and cover your clothes with dew. Beneath us, they appeared all united in one slow motioned bulk. The day we passed the Allegany, with all our difficulties and the bad roads, we came 30 miles.

May 30 — The fatigue and roads permitted us to travel only 10 miles yesterday, when prudence persuaded us to spend the afternoon at Ramsey's tavern, the best we have entered. This man began with a very trifle, and tho' young now, by dint of industry and perseverance, has acquired a fortune of £30,000 and probably more. He has quite a large plantation. His house is neat and handsome, and within the circuit of a mile, he has a tanyard, flour mill, and some others. More than 20 persons are constantly employed in his service, and one is a blacksmith for his own and travellers convenience. A woolen manufactory is soon to be raised, and conducted by him alone. He carries on farming very largely and drives 600 cattle a year, besides

other quadrupeds, to market. Every person is perfectly happy, and seem to watch the opportunity to make others happy. Every living thing is contented and is so tame that any treatment does not trouble them. The whole house, and all around it, is characteristic of contentment and happiness. 1300 acres of land worth 30 an acre constitute the farm. The afternoon I spent in seeing the different establishments, shown by Mr. Ramsey himself, and after I had viewed them, a young man of the house accompanied me to the woods, where we soon found black and gray squirrels in abundance. We left this seat of contentment, and after travelling in the rain and over roads so deep with clay mud that the horses could scarcely walk, we arrived at Greensburgh, 18 miles. We crossed Chestnut ridge, the last mountain, and before we reached the bottom a beautiful country and salubrious air cheered our spirits. Wet thro' and fatigued out, both horse and man, we were obliged to make this our abode. The town is situated on the side

and top of a hill and is pretty large. A handsome court house and other buildings are in its confines. With us is a carriage, stopping sometimes, the bad roads having done over the horses.

May 31st — Last night my friend O. was taken sick, and myself and others are doubtful if we are not in the same way. The roads and weather are sufficient to try the strongest constitution. We remain at Greensburgh and it is uncertain if health and roads will permit us to proceed. It is now noon, and the clouds indicate more rain. For 10 days, since entering the region of the mountains, not one has been without rain, many hard storms. For that time, yesterday afforded the first prospect the eye could brook. The country in view is very fine and promises to continue. For many years, the season has not been so rainy. A traveller left here this morn, who gave a horrid account of the roads in the Ohio, and the different roads to Pitsburgh; 50 miles this side of Chilscottie, we

lost a superb horse. The beast sank in a mud hole which left his head alone visible, and the rider with difficulty was saved by his friends. They succeeded in extricating the animal from this situation, but he was rendered unfit for service. Many other times his horse was in the same situation, and in crossing Turtle Creek, which is seldom too high to ford, his horse swam, and he came over in a skiff. We must probably wait until it falls. I mention these accounts, that the reader may learn how much worse the roads are than usual, and then they are dangerous for a carriage. The only solace we have is, that a good house is our home for the present.

June 1st — The roads now benefited in some measure by the heat of the sun, we left Greensburgh and rode 12 miles to Stuarts tavern, which excellent house we reached in the eve. My friends' horse tired at the end of the first mile, and I changed with them for the remaining distance to Pitsburgh — 30 miles. The ride for the first half was very

pleasant. The country again became delightful and the orchards of prolific fruit trees in parrallel rows were once more familiar to the sight. The travelling was far better than expected and some of the way was perfectly good. The last half, on the contrary, was remarkable for the bad quality. We came over a succession of hills, the chain being a full mile in length; and the whole range was a soft clay road full of deep ruts. We passed many waggons, whose horses were carried to the tavern at the foot of the hill, not having strength to rise the hill more than in part. We witnessed the exertions of others who succeeded in the attempt. The remaining distance was equally bad, but my horse being fresh, performed the day's journey. The country furnished an elegant prospect the whole ride, and was improved by many farms.

June 2nd — This morning we were apprehensive that the rains had swollen Turtle Creek to a degree that would prevent our

reaching Pitsburgh this day, a ride of 20 miles. This was not the case, and after a fatiguing and delayed journey of 620 miles we have surmounted all difficulties and arrived safe in Pitsburgh. An exact month has elapsed since our departure, and partly on account of rain, and partly owing to the bad roads, we have averaged only 20 miles a day. The first division of our journey is now finished. For the last 20 miles, the country has equalled the finest, as for the roads, part have equalled the very worst. Turtle Creek runs thro' a valley. The hills on each side cannot be described as too horrid. No hill in the U. S. is as bad. 12 horses could with their utmost exertions draw a waggon over it. The stage with one passenger came over it, by stopping every 4 rods. On the sides fragments of broken wheels were laid. With the greatest toil and labour my horse drew the empty carriage over it, sometimes compelled to raise himself on his hind feet and with the assistance of the falling weight of his body to draw the carriage from the deep holes

which fill the road. It is almost impossible to exaggerate in the representation of this hill. The soil consists of clay, and this increases the badness of the road. Some of the remaining distance was heavy, but our near approach to Pitsburgh relieved the difficulties in some degree. The country east of Pitsburgh is clearing very fast, sides of hills and fields of dead trees or stumps are seen in all directions. The method for clearing land appears to be as follows: They first girdle the trees by cutting a circular strip of bark from the trunk; this kills the tree, the nourishment is no longer ascending thro' the pores of the bark. The trees being dead, and most of the branches falling, fire is applied to the root, which consumes the inside, but never injures the bark. It then decays and falls; the body is soon changed to manure and the stump afterwards. As there is but little underbrush and few bushes, the land can be cultivated soon after they are girdled, or as soon as the leaves have fallen; so that it is usual to see grain fields in a woods of dead trees.

## OHIO STATE

### Marietta, June 10, 11, 12, &c.

We have this day entered a new state, and are at Marietta. Various occupations at Pitsburgh and inconvenience between that place and Marietta have prevented a regular addition to my detail. I have now to retrace my steps for 200 ms. On account of the celebrity of it, I shall attempt to give an accurate and plain description.

### Description of
### PITTSBURGH

Pitsburgh is delightfully situated at the confluence of the Allegany and Monongahela rivers, which form the celebrated and beautiful Ohio. The rivers unite in an angle of 33°, and inclosed in this angle is Pitsburgh. It is on a plain and a long lane, 2 miles in length, leads to the town. In descending a hill at the commencement of the lane, a distant view of the place opens. The eye is first

attracted by the black volumes of smoke issuing from the numerous furnaces and darkening the whole atmosphere around. The gently gliding waters appear next, and the banks on the sides, discover their course. This town is scarcely seen, and is not made visible by tall spires or stately buildings. A nearer approach shows the low houses or the log huts. The streets are wide and the buildings crowded. A confused and intermingled sound of the hammer, the machine and the mill, produces wonder and dismay. The surprising degree of business transacted in the town enlivens the appearance, and induces a belief that most of the inhabitants are moving in the streets. Both sexes are constantly employed, and industry with regularity appears in every direction. All seem cheerful, and join pleasure with profit. The town is filled with stores and warehouses of all kinds, and most of them are the productions of the place or country. In the centre is a handsome court house and opposite a large market house, in the form of a semicircle.

On the point formerly stood an old French garrison named Fort du Quesne, the bastions and salient angles are the only remains. On the same point of land Fort Pitt built by Gen.[1] Stanwix, and costing the British $266,-666 was situated. The entrenchments still remain, and within is the magazine, built of stone. The British Officer had on the banks of the Allegany some elegant gardens, named, the Kings and Artillerys. Fort Fayette is the present garrison and is on the south side of the town. East of the town is Grant's hill, from which you have a beautiful and distant view of the whole town and the three rivers. On the summit is a large Indian mound, and on the top is a summer house, both are now inclosed in a fine garden. This hill derives its name from Gen. Grant, who was surprised and defeated by the Indians and French in 1763. This caused Braddock's defeat, whose field of carnage is 12 miles from Pitsburgh on the banks of the Monongahela. The plain on which the

[1] Gen. John Stanwix in 1759.

town is situated, is termed *bottom land,* as all the plain country is called. Behind Grant's hill is one still higher called Stoney hill. A more beautiful and picturesque scene is obtained from this; but the most elegant and sublime is seen from Coal hill on the opposite side of the Monongahela river. It is immensely high and commands a view of the rivers for some length. The town appears almost under your feet, and is placed in the centre of the prospect. A great extent of country is variegated, with elegant rivers winding at the foot of the high hills, and between them, a large town, with a border consisting of boats, and a canopy of dark volumes of smoke. On one side, a handsome island, discovering a neat white house inclosed in its circumference, bounds the view, on the other the course of the Monongahela is traced, and in every direction, the waters are divided by numerous ferry boats filled with horses, men and vehicles. The variety of scenery renders a vast field, for the genius of a Raphael to display its excellence. On

this hill are many coal mines or pits, from whence the name is derived. We descended a few, and one quite extensive. The cavity consisted of an arch, insufficiently high to admit of walking upright, the length of it being 200 feet perfectly straight. There were other arches which appear branched from the main one at right angles. The coal of this hill is wholly used by the inhabitants, and is a great convenience. The particles of smoke cover everything, and incommode the ladies' dress very much. It gives a black appearance to the town, when viewed from an eminence. The ladies after residing in the town some years, have a gradual swelling or lump called a goitre come under the chin, as low as to appear a cushion to the chin. This is not general, but only on particular persons. The reason assigned for this singular incident is, that the vapourous particles of the coal smoke, are too impure for the delicate skin of the ladies. Thus only that description are afflicted. Others ascribe it to the waters. It produces a curious appear-

ance in the cushioned ladies, but a change and short residence in a distant town entirely removes this unwelcomed being. Pitsburgh in a few years will beyond a doubt be the most important manufacturing town in America. The advantages bestowed by nature, in the situation, will ever encourage an increase. The three rivers afford an invaluable source for exportation, and the Western daily increased demands, will always depend entirely on this direction. Large vessels can descend the Ohio and Missisipy rivers and go to all parts of the world. Boats can ascend the Allegany, and pass thro' the lakes. The wharfs of the place, are very much crowded with the boats, and sometimes require the Constable's aid to clear a passage for the stage ferry. Some of them are long, covered keel boats; others resemble boxes, are flat bottom'd and covered, and are much longer than broad. The stranger smiles at the idea of their being boats. The air of Pitsburgh is not pure, and is sometimes oppressive. There being no boarding houses of repute in

town, we selected the best tavern advice could find for us, and this was very indifferent. The day following, my friend delivered a letter to a respectable lawyer of the place, this being the only one with which we were favored. The remainder of the day was spent in surveying the town, without a guide, and the next appointed for one more particular. Our friend then accompanied us to see the different curiosities and manufactories. A minute account of the manufactories would be tedious. We examined one of each kind, and admired the productions and specimens they furnished. Small boys with facility, completely formed a cruet, in the glass house in less time than 30 seconds. Cut glass of a superior quality and of all kinds come from this furnace, which looked like the home of industry. The operation of the wire manufactory consists in drawing iron or steel thro' holes, untill reduced to the proper size, and from small bars, it soon is made hair wire. A steam manufactory for iron pleased us, whose operation is to press iron between

two rollers, from a bar 2 inches thick and 12 in length, to 9 feet. The remedy for the want of water amused us. The wheel is boarded on the circumference, and inside a horse is placed, whose weight when once he moves forward continually presses down the wheel. Behind him a petition is placed, and urges him on, when attempting to stop. The beast is blinded as all the mill horses are and is continually ascending a hill, without time to rest. The task appears to be very laborious, and the ignorant creature is insensible of the cage in which he is placed. Another mill has a horizontal wheel, and the horses are placed on its plane. A weight is attached to them behind and their endeavours to draw this, removes the foundation from their feet, and they must continue to walk or fall. After inspecting these curiosities and others similar, a view from Grant's hill closed the survey for this day. Our new friend attentively shewed the inside of public buildings, and walked over the town with us frequently. Twice in a week, market day fills the town with the

country lasses from some distance, and crowds the streets with all sexes and ages untill eve. When furnished at market, the shops supply their wants, and the whole town is enlivened, as also the rivers, by the business of the day. Thro' the whole week, the town is filled with waggons, receiving goods to supply the east with, or loading the boats to transport to the west. Travellers are continually passing thro' the place, those going westerly leaving their horses and taking their boats. This occasions a crowded market of horses, and the persons whose business is to dispose of them, mount the animal, and ride thro' the streets, naming the offers already made. One person often sells 5 a day, and is continually crying them thro' the town. The arrangements for the second division of our journey, with the many letters to be sent home, so occupied our time, that little was left for pleasure. A want of introductory letters deprived us the advantage of visiting. The acquaintance of a new friend repaired the defect on my part, and by

his attention, I soon was introduced to many ladies. Their education and accomplishments are much attended to, and their manners are easy and sociable, and very attentive to strangers. After devising various plans to descend the Ohio, we determined to purchase a skiff, and to navigate it ourselves. This we did, and had some alterations made, by covering it with an awning, and raising a deck behind, in which to place any articles. With difficulty we procured a passage for our horses, the inconvenience of having them in the same boat with themselves, making the boatman unwilling to comply. My friends soon after trusted their carriage to a boat, and ordered it with their horse to be left at Limestone. Mine, I ordered to be left at Marietta, the extremity of my journey from home. We now supplied our boat with ham, beer &c. and on Sunday morning weighed anchor, and commenced a voyage on the Ohio. La belle riviere, the name given by the French to the Ohio, will authorize me to declare, that this river is the most beautiful

in the world. The meandering course of the Ohio, thro' a country, soon to become the paradise of America, the elegant banks directing it, whose sides are even and regular, and cover'd with trees, unrivalled in luxuriance of foliage, and in stateliness of form, the division of the banks, which give it the appearance of artificial glasses, unequalled in beauty, the numerous islands dividing the channel, and enrich'd with trees invisible for their closeness, and many yielding fruit, the views of the country, opened by the receding banks, and the handsome little villages, elevated above the level of the stream, all join to support this appropriate name. The junction of the river is marked by the different coloured waters of its branches. The transparent water of the Allegany flows for some distance, after its junction with the M. and is distinguished from the clay colour appearance of the latter, at some length from the town. After flowing by their sides unchanged, they are mixed by the aid of an island. The Ohio is remarkable for the

smooth and glassy surface of its waters, except at periods, when ruffled by the wind. This generally happens in the middle of the day, when the westerly breeses continue for some hours. It is singular, that these always pursue the course of the river, and are uninterrupted by its windings or other winds. This we found to be the case daily, and we were often obliged to take down our awning or be driven up the stream. Thus the current propels the descending boat, and the opposing wind, like the trade winds, enables those ascending to stem the current, which generally moderates at these periods. With a skiff, we with safety floated in any part of the stream, and found it most pleasant to keep close to the bank. The shades of the trees, hanging over our heads, protected us from the sun, and we were amused by the many squirrels and birds playing on their roots. The rising of the river, leaves the roots of the trees entirely uncovered, and undermines some, and prepares others to fall as you pass under them. This is the appear-

ance of the first bank. The second is quite different, and is clothed with verdant grass and towering sycamores. The grape vines grow to an immense size, and for the whole distance, they ascend often from 50 to 150 feet perpendicularly and fasten to the top of a sycamore. It astonishes the beholder, and perplexes him to account for the manner in which they reach this height. Some are 8 inches or more in diametre, and appear like a line let fall from the tree. Some arise from the river and are many feet from the shore; they fasten to trees hanging over the water. The Ohio is accompanied, like most other rivers, with high hills on one side, and on the other with bottoms beautiful for their extent and fertility. Sometimes it winds at the base of the hills and then recedes. Seldom a hill is on each side, at the same place, but alternately bounds the view. The islands of this river are very elegant and add much to the grandeur and embellishment of its appearance. They are often very long and then they become useful, by increasing the rapid-

ity of the current. The trees which cover them are luxuriant and render them impenetrable to the eye. They have various forms and some resemble a diamond exactly. Cultivation never enhances their worth and their wildness is uninterrupted by inhabitants. We passed many towns, the most pleasing were Beaver, Charlstown, Warren, Stubenville and Wheeling. They are increasing fast, and exceed many inland towns we came thro' in other states. The lands are clearing fast in their neighborhood and are highly cultivated. The whole country on this river is very rich, and the immense growth of timber, evinces the truth of the observation. The prospect from the river is limited by the banks and hills, and they must be ascended to obtain a correct idea of its fertility. At intervals views opened, and the bottom lands most generally were visible. Our passage to M. was short, having been 4 days. The first day we were accompanied with much rain, and by overtaking a large boat escaped it in a degree. After this, the

weather was fine and the west winds, alone incommoded us. At too late a period to remedy the evil, we found it necessary to row, as our boat was more affected by the wind than others. Inability to obtain assistance, compelled us to supply the place of a rower, and this was our exercise the whole distance to M. We carried our provisions with us, and not being acquainted with the proper stages, we slept in our skiff. The first night a moderate shower, beating on our backs, lulled us to sleep, and rest, so sweet after labour, was found on a board. After floating 'till a disposition to sleep commenced, we fastened our boat to the roots of umbrageous trees, and with the canopy of heaven, and a soft pine board, we relieved ourselves from the fatigue of the day. The course of the Ohio is very winding, but some long runs are common. We passed one 16 miles in length, called Long Reach. It was perfectly straight and divided by beautiful islands. We frequently passed boats and as often met others. It was an addition to the variety,

and the meeting of them was as acceptable to us as if on the water of the Atlantic. At Little Grave Creek, 107 ms. from Pitt., we landed to see an antient mound of great curiosity. It is 75 feet in its perpendicular elevation, 100 yards at the circumference of its base and 40 at the top. The ascent forms an angle of 80 degrees. Its situation is in a plain, and it is covered and surrounded with trees, some very large. In the centre of the top is a hollow 20 feet across, and 3 or 4 deep. It is exactly circular and astonishes the spectator by the immensity of its bulk. The last evening of our voyage, we floated very late, and were induced to do this, by the unusual beauty of it. The waters were levelled to a polished sheet, and the bright rays of the moon played on its surface. Her rays reflected the trees in the water, and the gently waving of the leaves, imitated the fluid, sparkling with its luster. In our wake, the winding notes of a bugle horn, traced our retreat, and we returned it, by the soft note of the flute.

The scene was charming, and the woods echoed every strain in the tunes distinctly. One echo was a little singular, where a loud call of the voice was not returned, and still a blow of a hammer on the side of the boat was echoed astonishingly loud. Our sail down the river is better imagined from the above remark than it can be described. This night, being the fourth we were deceived by the inviting serenity of it, and at 12 o'clock tied our boat to a tree, and there reposed. A few hours in the morn placed Marietta in our view, and with some satisfaction, we again paced the dry land. Marietta contains 100 houses, 30 of which are separated by the river Muskingum. The town is situated on a bottom at the point formed by the Marietta river which joins the Ohio at right angles. The town is divided by the river M. and there is no communication except by ferry. The boat is carried rapidly across, by means of a rope fastened at each end and running on pullies on another extending from one side of the river to the opposite. The current tends

to bear the boat down the stream, and the reaction produced by the ropes, operates as a sail. Marietta is laid out for a town of great magnitude. All the streets are at right angles, and extremely broad. The place appears by no means lively tho' much business is transacted here. Sheep in large flocks fill the streets and adjacent roads, and are much attended to by gentlemen. The buildings of the town are scattered in every direction, and the meeting house is the only one that can be termed handsome. The Ohio above the town, is divided by an elegant island 3 ms. in length, and running exactly parralel with each bank; it is in the centre of the river, and has many mulberry trees on it. At sunset I ascended a hill on the west of the place, and had a fine view of the country around. Marietta is rendered famous for the remains of antient fortifications in it. They cover 40 acres and are regularly planned with every appearance of being calculated for defence. A large mound similar to that at Grove Creek is in their confines, and it has

*MRS. JEROME BONAPARTE*

Another very famous beauty of the period, *née* Betsy Patterson.

*From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, in the possession of The Maryland Historical Society.*

a circular ditch surrounding it. Smaller ones are also to be seen. Further, cannot account for these curiosities than by supposing them to be the works of antients moving from the Lakes to Mexico as similar appearances are visible between these two points, and on this side of the mountain, and not far to the west. I shall not hazard an opinion on a question so problematical. Harrises tours contain a long account of them. On our arrival at the tavern we met a New England gentleman and also Capt. Barton formerly of the 4th Regiment. The latter presented us with an invitation to a ball that eve which required little hesitation on our part to accept. Not regarding a violent thunder shower the company collected, and repeated peals warned us not to separate untill day broke on our amusements. Some of the company were very genteel, and some also were hardy farmers and milkmaids. Everything was in the country style, but the evening was very agreeable, and by this means we became acquainted with all the ladies. They are well

educated, and some have resided at Philadelphia for that purpose. The society is small, but every person is very attentive to strangers. I have rode some distance in the country, and the lands appear to be very fertile and well cultivated. This was thro' the bottom land, on the banks of the Musk which are always superior. The M. takes its rise 130 miles north and is navigable for that distance. By crossing one mile inland you have a communication with the lakes, and thus the importance with this river is increased. Fruit is of the first quality here, and 20 bushels of fine peaches are often collected from one tree. We have spent our time in walking and obtaining information which has left very little to relate the past. The population of Marietta is much retarded by the overflowing of the town. The Ohio rises so high sometimes, that the water is almost up to the second stories. The inhabitants mind it very little, but immigrants refuse the place on that account alone. We walked on the island opposite the town, and

found it truly romantic. For a mile the path was through bowers made by the grape vines, and we were constantly covered by them. It is inhabited and is exceedingly fertile.



Virginia, June 20th — At the foot of Briar hill 120 miles from Marietta. Early on Thursday morning the 17th, I parted with my fellow travellers and friends, and commenced my journey thro' Virginia. After crossing the Ohio by ferry, I entered a woods, and for three days continued in a wilderness, whose inhabitants were wolves, bears, deer and other wild beasts. For this distance, being 100 miles nearly, I saw not more than 10 or 15 huts. The first day I felt the loss of my friends considerably, but was diverted from it, by the novelty of the scene. For a few hours, the deer and wild turkeys amused me, and the expectation of seeing a bear or wolf expelled the idea of my being destitute of companions. This did not supply the vacancy long, and the length of the woods soon bro't me to my senses, and from this

time to this, morn I passed the most melancholy and gloomy hours immaginable. I was overtaken the first night by darkness and for an hour groped my way thro' a dismal road, surrounded by wild beasts, and liable to loose my way every minute. Now I felt the want of friends severely, and would readily have parted with the whole of my wolves for a single companion. After I had tasted well of the comforts of a desert wild, I found the house I so anxiously sought. The road by name, is chiefly a foot path, and is thro' swamps and wet vallies and over high hills. This day was passed in Woods County, an appropriate name. I came over a hill called Dry Ridge which continues for 13 ms., at the beginning is a miserable hut, and here I refreshed myself with a piece of dry venison and bread. For 8 miles I rode on the ridge and was almost famished for the want of a little water to quench the thirst occasioned by the venison. The second day, I renewed my solitary, dismal, dreary journey and rode thro' Harrison county. The heat for these

two days was excessive. I had determined not to ride in the night again, and to avoid it stopped early. This day I was more gloomy than ever, and often tho't what a blessing social enjoyment was to mankind. I wandered in the woods untill night, and was rather better accommodated on the road. I dined sumptuosuly on salted bread and butter and a little whiskey. At my lodgings I became acquainted with a man and his woman, as he calls her. I found him an agreeable companion and derived some information from him of the country. This was in the town of Salem. The couple joined me in the morn and we rode 15 ms. to Clarksburgh, where we breakfasted. On the road we heard a hog in distress, who was attacked by a bear. We were going to his relief with my pistols, but his voice grew fainter fast, and we gave up the expedition. At Clarksburgh I parted with my companions after repeated solicitations from them to spend a few days at their house. From Clarksburgh the road improved and human

beings were seen more frequently. The woods receded at intervals, and grain fields supplied their place. On entering a dreary woods I overtook a pretty female whose cheerful conversation was quite a new thing to me. I kept her company for some miles, when I stopped for that day. The heat had made myself and horse so weary that I stopped in the middle of the afternoon. After I had supped, I retired with the intention of having a good rest. I soon found it expedient to call for a candle, and on examination found myself infested with the inhabitants of wool. I overlooked this misfortune, and was suddenly aroused by violent pulling of my hair. I started quickly and was on the point of seizing my side-arms, when I discovered a large rat making his escape thro' the window. After reconnoitering I found the window broken, and to avoid repetition of the same offense, I barricaded the window. The noise of these companions suffered me to have little rest. The next morning I willingly took leave of

my retreat, and again entered the woods. The road now began to have a more cheerful countenance, and houses were not situated so far apart. Many large grain fields appeared, most of rye, and some of flax, which bears blossoms of blue, red and white, which combined, make the field very handsome. I breakfasted with a widow woman, who with her young children and a slave, travelled from New York State to this desolate place, and here purchased some woodlands, which she had cleared. With fortitude and industry, she supported her family, and now has a handsome property for this country. The ride had no great variety in it, excepting a few ferry's which I crossed, and a more open country. In the afternoon, I arrived at Dunkard's bottom, where I now am. This place is so called from the family who first resided in it, and who were all murdered by the Indians. I crossed Laurel hill, for the second time, and found it better than in Pensilvania. In front of the house, runs Eleot river which empties into the Monongahela. I crossed

also a branch of the Ohio. Yesterday at the forks of the road, I chose the one least travelled, but which again entered the other branch. After I had rode some miles on it, I found it became a mere foot path, and at place where other paths turned off, I took the wrong one, and after riding some time was compleatly lost. I expected to continue in the woods for this day at least, and began to console myself with the idea, when to my joy I met a man. He directed me to follow one path and then another, and with some difficulty I at last regained the great road. This day I rode chiefly in Monongahela county, and shall continue in it this night.

June 21st — This morning I left my landlord after having a good entertainment. I immediately began to ascend Briar Hill, and continued to ride for 4 miles which is the length of the mountain. This resembles the Allegany very much, and I cannot persuade myself that it is any other. The morning was so foggy that I was deprived of a very ex-

tensive prospect from its summit. The country from this hill became more even, tho' hilly still. I rode 15 miles to breakfast, and was then in the state of Maryland. This is only a corner of the State and continues but 20 miles on this road. I was transported on my alighting, with a view of several female countenances, and soon discovered them to be very handsome. The company of accomplished and beautiful females, after coming thro' a wilderness, you may readily conceive, was equally astonishing, and acceptable to me. I soon became acquainted with these romantic ladies, and found them to be very sensible. I remained longer at breakfast than usual, to enjoy their conversation, and was at last compelled to relinquish their society, for that of my horse. After leaving this house with regret, I entered a most beautiful country. It continued for 10 miles, and consisted of a continuation of elegant glades, which resembled more an English park, than a natural glade. It was one continued field, with small hills spread over

it, which were covered with trees of small growth and in handsome groves. The whole field was clothed with rich and elegant shrubbery, very small, even and green. Sometimes the eye could reach many miles, thro' the vallies, and some even always in view. Not a fence or division, disturbed the rural prospect and no building interrupted this elegant and picturesque scene. The road was very direct thro' it and was of a superior kind. After leaving this, I again entered a mountainous country, which continued to Westonport, where I shall lodge. I crossed the Allegany mountain, which is very small at this place. The whole ride was over very long hills which are in reality mountains. One is called Savage hill, or Hard Scrabble, and for one mile is so steep as to require great exertions to climb it. My horse was rather lame today, which was occasioned by being watered by a slave, when warm. With his lameness and the excessively fatigueing mountains, I succeeded in travelling 40 miles. The inconvenience of writing on a

bootjack, forbids any further remark on this day. The tops of some of the mountains are cultivated, and appear very handsome at a distance. My landlady has a spring in her garden, which is an effectual cure for the fever and ague. She mentions, that a family had been afflicted with it for some time, and by bathing and drinking of these waters, a complete cure was effected in a few days.

June 23 — Yesterday I left Westonport, and rode on the banks of a river for 6 miles, and sometimes crossed it. I then entered a mountainous country, and was obliged to ride 20 miles to Frankfort to breakfast. The road for this distance was very fine, and not a stone appeared above the surface of the ground. The soil is of a gravelly nature, and the road is very hard. The soil is not good and the country but little cultivated. Grain is the staple commodity, and with that the fields are planted. When approaching F. my horse increased in his lameness and at last moved with difficulty. Supposing he was

foundered, I had him bled and used such remedies as are proper for that complaint. I with some difficulty proceded 9 miles farther, and was obliged to stop. Frankfort is a small town and is situated on a plain. The towns in this part of Virginia are only a collection of a few houses, and scarcely merit that name. I passed through Springfield, one of this description. I stopped at the south branch of the Potomac last night, and this morning crossed it and immediately entered a very mountainous country. By care and attention, I nursed my horse, so as to enable him to walk some better. I have travelled 24 miles on him today, and he has walked the whole distance. To describe the country is only to say, it is a collection of hills and mountains. Only one grain field attracted my attention, and this was divided into 4 parts, each having a different kind. The appearance was singular and handsome. In fording a river, I mistook the direction of the ford, and had nearly plunged myself and horse into deep water. I escaped with wet

legs and the horse can be said to have forded. I have passed many fords and find them rather deceptive. On the road I was overtaken by some travellers, who remarked that my beast was very stiff. I answered he was foundered, but was informed that it was another complaint called the sweeny. This is a singular disorder, and is produced by the flesh falling away on the shoulder and leaving none between the skin and bones. The consequence is, that the skin grows to the bone, and ruins the horse. The person has informed me how to cure it, and as it requires much rest, I must content myself with a lame horse for 100 miles. I endeavored to change with a man, but he had too great regard for his own interest to comply with my terms. He travelled too fast for me, or I think I should have closed the bargain. I preferred remaining at an excellent house, to gaining a few miles. A kind old lady has given me much advice concerning my health, and I think will benefit me. She was afflicted with complaint of the breast, and studied

physic two years for her own advantage, and was her sex not a preventative could practice. Her advice is, for me to commence the study, and the information with the practice will in her opinion, establish my health. From the top of a mountain, I had an extensive prospect of, I should judge, half those in Virginia. The appearance was like a view of the ocean when convulsed, and probably extended in some points for 60 miles. The circumference must have been many hundred, and the whole view was of mountains rising out of mountains, sometimes an opening between, would discover one so distant, as to appear like an azure cloud. They were wild, and almost black in appearance, and produced a grand and sublime prospect. Yesterday and today, I have travelled in Hampshire county, Virginia.

June 24 — I left my landlord this morning, regretting to leave such fine air. It is on the top of the North Mountain and receives the purest breeses, and has the most salubrious

of water. Many persons ride 20 mi. to remain a week at this place merely to enjoy the clear air. I had now 16 mi. to ride to Winchester, ten of which embraced a hilly and poor country. The remaining six were thro' a beautiful valley, which extended almost thro' four States. It is from 20 to 30 ms. broad at this place and in a fine state of cultivation. In this valley is situated Winchester, a town containing 600 or 800 houses, and very lively and full of business. It is so near the Atlantic that it resembles those towns very much. It is watered by aqueducts, which are in every corner of the streets. The water is excellent, and this together with the pure climate, renders the place very healthy. The streets are paved and are handsome. There are many public buildings, tho' not elegant, neither are the private houses. Most of them are brick or wood and some stone. I dined at the Hotel, and found everything in the highest style, and the first quality. I set out after dinner and rode two miles in a wrong di-

rection, before I discovered my mistake. I was preparing to return, but was met by an officer and two gentlemen who dined with me, and they informed me of a different route, shorter than to return. This was to Battletown, where they were going, and I did not hesitate to keep their company, and gain a better road. The first few miles, shewed a country rocky and poor; in a short time we entered the commencement of the most beautiful of countries. Corn and wheat fields, extended for many acres and the breeze produced a graceful motion of the wheat, resembling the swelling of the waves. B. is a small town, but contains inhabitants wealthy and genteel. They appear happy and contented. For many miles a continual field of grain surrounds the town and is divided sometimes by groves. My company informed me of a planter who possessed 10,000 acres in one farm. He had 6 or 8 hundred slaves and cultivated the whole ground. He has given 1000 acres to every child when married and now has a farm rather dimin-

ished. The slaves begin to be numerous, and in general appear to be sensible of their inferior condition. Sometimes you hear one singing, but this is seldom. To every house, one quite small is attached for the slaves, and the doors are crowded with the black children. The slaves all pursue the same kind of work at a time, and can thus be equally skillful. In time, a different task is allotted to each. This is in Frederick county, which I entered today. This valley here takes its course between the North Mountain and the Blue Ridge which I shall cross tomorrow. In one direction the mountain is paved and the road is also for 30 ms. to Alexandria. The mountain I first perceived 20 mi. distant, and plainly discovered the summit and sides to be covered with cultivated fields. It appears very elegant, to see a mountain cultivated, which so frequently is a wilderness. The custom in this part of the State is to drink milk at dinner and at all times, instead of the usual refreshments. This or some other practice, gives the people a full and

healthy countenance, tho' the climate produces a sallow complexion. I shall rest at B. tonight and have with unnecesary delays &c. travelled 30 miles.

June 25 — From Battletown I travelled 33 ms. to Newton or the Trap. I passed thro' Jefferson county, and thro' Charlstown to Harpers Ferry. The whole distance, presented to view, plantations surrounded with extensive wheat and other grain fields, which reached as far as the eye could trace. No country can exceed this for elegance or beauty. The corn fields were filled with slaves, following the plough, and from three to ten were always to be seen. The wheat fields were the largest, and most of them were a mile in length and half in breadth. Some corn fields were nearly as large, but in general, the wheat exceeded any. The whole country around is covered with green or yellow grain, and for many miles you can perceive them only divided by a fence. Copse of small trees bound the prospect, and small

hills often intercept the view. This is in the great valley, which is very productive in every part of the country thro' which it runs. I had not rode far, before my horse shewed by his gait that he had not had his usual quantity of grain. There not being a tavern for some distance, I determined to request some of a planter. As I approached a plantation, I met two slaves driving a number of horses. I asked them a few questions, and informed them of my intention. They immediately reply'd, that master would furnish me, and I according rode towards the house. The gates flew open, and a slave was despatched for the master, who was in the field. When he came I made my request and soon obtained my object. While the horse was eating, he introduced me to his house, and gave me some refreshment. I then entered into conversation concerning his plantation, and learnt that he had 30 or 40 horses, which he found employment for, and whose want of flesh confirmed, a small number of cattle, about 50 to 100 hogs, 30 slaves and 1000 acres of

land. This is a small plantation when compared with most in Virginia. He had a saddler's shop for his own use, a blacksmith's and some other shops. He appeared little interested or acquainted with any political or foreign information and could converse only of his own farm. When I informed him that Bonaparte had placed himself in the rear of the Russians, he reply'd, "Ah! what has placed the Russians before him?" and he then asked if the French were not fighting them also. I soon was prepared, and after expressing my gratitude, wished him farewell. I then passed thro' Charlstown, and arrived in a town called Harpers Ferry. This town is rendered very famous for its singular situation and the manufacturing of the United States arms. It is situated at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, and is at the foot of a high hill and partly on the side. These rivers run thro' an opening in the Blue Ridge and unite in it. The town is also in this opening, and has the mountain on each side. It is a small

dirty place and consists mostly of one strong wooden building. There are 10 buildings in which the gun manufactory is performed. They are all of brick, and excepting one are two stories high, and 80 or 100 feet long. Two are occupied as arsenals, and are situated in the centre of the town. The others are by the water side, and are ranged in two rows, four in each forming a street. These are opposite, and are conducted by water for the manufactory. Before dinner I entered the arsenals and in each building saw ten thousand guns besides arms of different kinds. During the war sixty thousand have been sent away, and only 20,000 now remain. They are placed in a hall, the whole length of the building, and stacked close together with the bayonets on the floor. The body is solid and occupies two thirds of the room. In one apartment I saw the arms taken at the surrender of Cornwallises army and in another a great number of French arms. The collection appears innumerable and is rendered handsome by the order of the ar-

rangement. In one room workmen were employed in cleaning the guns. They are very neat, strong and well made arms, and I am informed 10,000 are made annually. After dinner, I visited the remaining buildings, and in them, the greatest curiosity in the Universe.

In the first are perhaps 16 forges 8 on each side and every one for a different kind of work. Here the barrels are made round and welded from a flat bar of iron, the ramrods formed in part, and screws and some other parts are made in part. In the second the smaller parts of the gun, such as the locks are formed, the bayonets and plates of iron on the gun. In the third, all these parts are finished in a second degree and here also some new parts are made. On the other side of the street, the barrels &c. being formed, they are smoothed. The barrels are first bored by an augur, turned by water. The barrel is placed in an elevated trough, and is covered with water by a cistern, continually running over it and the augur. They are

then grounded on a fluted stone turned by water. The rods are also grounded in a similar manner. The other parts, as the iron surrounding the barrel &c., are buffed, or smoothed. This is done by a wheel turned very swiftly by water, and which is covered on the edge by leather covered with a sandy composition. The celerity of the motion causes a continual stream of fire to issue from the iron. This and some other work is done in three of the buildings on the lower floor. In the fourth is a trip hammer and another operation which I could not see. Over the first three apartments and in a small building, the woodwork is made and turned, and in the little building plates of iron are cut. The various parts of the guns being now formed, they are carried into the upper stories of the three last buildings and are filled and fitted to one another, and after being polished, the different parts are made into *one whole*, and the gun is then deposited in the arsenal. To describe the manner in which each part is made would

be tedious. Suffice it to say, that the anvil and the hammers have the shape of the part imprinted on their surface by excavation, and the iron being hammered between the two is moulded to the proper form. They are roughly formed in this manner, and are afterwards hammered smooth and finished by filing &c. There are 200 workmen employed, and they are very civil and willing to communicate. This is the property of the United States, and is appropriated to their use. The whole is the greatest curiosity our country affords, and Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia declares it worthy of a trip across the Atlantic. This is a very imperfect description and is intended only to convey a small idea of the works. After I had finished at this town I crossed the Potomac by ferry and rode for a few miles on its bank. This river at this place, is shallow and full of large rocks. It has been known to rise so as to fill the first story of the work shops. As soon as I had crossed, I entered Maryland, and shall continue in it to Washington City. The

country to the trap, resembles Virginia so much that I did not recollect it was a different state. The slaves became less numerous, and through the part of Virginia and Maryland that I pass, are not more than a tenth so numerous as in a more southerly direction; neither are the plantations to be compared, for multiplicity or magnitude. A few hours bro't me to Newton Trap, and I shall remain here tonight.

June 26th — Newton is situated in a valley east of the Ridge, on a plain and partly surrounded by a woods. It is small, but on leaving, it appeared handsome. I left my house before sunrise this morn, and ascending a hill, had a fine prospect of the whole valley for many miles. The sun beginning to rise, spread a lustre over the view and enhanced the splendor of the yellow grain fields which covered the face of the country. I rode for some miles thro' a country only tolerable, and was soon overtaken by a gentleman whose small plantation I passed the

last evening. After riding together a few miles, we entered a rich valley, whose luxuriant crops evinced its fertility. He informed me of a Mr. Carrol, who owned a plantation consisting of 10,000 acres of land, unrivalled for richness and elegance, by an equality in the world. It was but a few miles distant, and for the whole extent has not a hill of any magnitude. It is called the Carrol manor and is cultivated after the best manner. Mr. Carrol has 1000 slaves, whose huts, called *negro quarters,* constitute a small town around the mansion. I entered Fredericktown, with my guest, and there parted with him. This town is the largest I have seen, and is regular, neat and elegant. Thro' the centre run two broad streets at right angles and they are full half a mile in length. The buildings are handsome and the public buildings more especially.[1] I breakfasted at a tavern of the first kind and in the most ele-

[1] In 1795–7 Frederick was visited by both Isaac Weld Jr., and Duke De La Rochefoucault Liancourt. The latter found a city of 2000 people and, like Gerry, was impressed with the substantial buildings. Weld estimated the houses at 700.

*DOREGHAN MANOR*

The mansion of the Carrolls of Carrollton, as it appears today. Published through the courtesy of Miss Mary Rutherfurd Jay.

gant style and met some company from the Cities. The place is 40 miles from Baltimore or Washington, and communicates with the former by a turnpike which runs thro' Carrol manor. It is a very thriving and rich town and a great deal of inland business and merchandise is transacted in it. I left the town, and the summit of a hill gave me an elegant view of it. A beautiful woods in a form almost semicircular surrounded it in part, and trees of luxuriant foliage formed a fence for each house. The tall white spires elevated above the trees appeared towering, and at the end next to me the stone barracks displaying the uniformed companies, appeared as a security to intruders. I soon left this beautiful valley and passed thro' a hilly and less agreeable country. I passed one plantation, the owner of which has 100 or 200 slaves, and I counted 12 huts for their occupation. It is the property of a Frenchman who fled from his country with a friend's wife and sought refuge at this place. Few of the planters' houses are

handsome, some, are quite ordinary and are all surrounded by huts. The roads from Westonport, 150 miles, cannot be equalled by any for the same distance. Part of the soil is very red and is called red clay; this is the poorest kind and is similar to some in Connecticut and Pennsylvania. The best and such as is in the rich valley just alluded to, is called limestone, and is a whitish clay. Both make admirable road, in dry weather, and are free from stones. The cattle of Virginia and Maryland are very fine, but the horses are not equally so. The clover affects them very singularly. After grazing a few hours on the second growth it produces a compleat salivation, which continues as long as he eats grass. In a short time, it increases to such a degree, that at Marietta, in two hours, we saw a horse at our door, emit a gallon. It runs in a stream and is only produced by the second crop of clover. It is cured by feeding on grain, and cannot be accounted for in the three states in which it prevails, Ohio, Virginia or Maryland. It never affects

cattle, but sometimes will bother hogs and sheep. For a few miles in this state I rode through Washington county, today thro' Frederick, and shall tomorrow pass thro' Montgomery, to Washington City. I passed thro' some small towns not worthy of notice and arrived at Clarksburgh at 2 o'clock having travelled 24 ms. Myself and horse being very weary, I shall remain here untill tomorrow, which is Sunday. From this hill a pleasant prospect of the country is obtained, and of the town which is small.

June 27th — I now began the last day's ride of the 2nd division of my journey. After riding 16 miles I reached Montgomery Court House which is a lively town though quite small. The manners and dress of the people soon convinced me that I was approaching a city. The country to this place was not pleasant, the fields having been exhausted by the growth of tobacco. In the afternoon I left this town and had 16 miles to go to Washington City. The first ten were much as

before, except that the road became more public and full of persons riding. I rode from dinner to this time in company with two persons, whom I deceived as to my politics, and I soon had reason to regret I had flattered them in that manner.[1] They became so violent that I was unable to bear their conversation, and pretending to have a bad headache, insisted that I should not detain them, and by riding very slow, I soon avoided these mad dogs. I was next overtaken by a tanner, who conceived his Sunday clothes would make him pass for a gentleman, and therefore he joined me. I soon wished him in his bark mill, for I had the misfortune to meet a lady on horseback, who probably took me for the tanner's son. I was not long, however, with this gentleman's company, before he wished me to "swap" horses with him. I have, however, made a bargain with him for mine, and if he can dispose of his own, he is to call for mine. To

[1] Most of the travellers in the early days of the republic comment on the acrimonious political discussions on the road and in taverns.

punish him for horse-dealing on Sunday, I shall jockey him most confoundedly if he takes him. The last six miles were very beautiful. The road was very broad and fine and crowded with negro slaves returning from town with baskets and tubs, in which they had carried cherries to sell. Their masters permit them on this day (Sunday) alone to make their sales.

At the rising of a hill 4 mi. distant, Georgetown and Washington City opened to view, and I had the pleasure of seeing the remaining distance of my journey. Georgetown is very extensive and is divided into streets both long and broad. It is separated from Washington by a small bridge, and is considered as a part of Washington. The entrance of the town is 2 miles distant from the centre of Washington. I rode through Georgetown, and after going through the main street, 1 mile in length, I entered the city of Washington. As I was ignorant of the lodgings of my father, who is now at Washington, I alighted at the hotel, having made some vain efforts

to find him. I arrived at 6 in the evening, and after tea was informed that he lived in ten buildings at one end of the town. I commenced my walk in the dark, and having measured more than a mile, I came to the place. Here no father was to be found, and I was directed to his barber to obtain the necessary information. Him I found and was informed that he lived at the other extremity of the city, 2 or 3 miles distant, in 7 [1] instead of 10 buildings. I endeavored to find a hack, but none could be had. By this time, it was 9 o'clock. I was so provoked at my lost labour, that I resolved to walk until morning, but what I would find the house. Off I set and at 10, reached the place. I enquired for my friend, and it being dark, saluted him before I was recognized. After much shaking and squeezing, I was shown into a room full of the family, and soon went the rounds with them. After being catechised of the western country and for some time, I ad-

[1] The "Seven Buildings" were at 19th street and Pennsylvania Avenue.

mired for a short time, the city girls, and then with much composure retired. Thus ended the second division of my grand tour.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1813

On Monday morning, when I came down to breakfast, I expected to find all ceremony and formality. How agreeably disappointed I was in being received as a friend and intimate family acquaintance. With us, in the same boarding house, we have the Sec'y of the Navy, Mr. Jones'[1], wife and two handsome and pleasant young nieces, Mr. Armstrong,[2] Sec'y of War, Mr. Worthington,[3] Senator, with his charming daughter, and in addition to all these, a number of Sen's and Reps. and a Maj. of the Army, a young and agreeable man.

We all sat at one table and are more like a family than strangers. This morning I was occupied in making my arrangements at

[1] William Jones of Pennsylvania.

[2] John Armstrong of New York.

[3] Senator Thomas Worthington of Ohio, later Governor of that State.

home, but in the afternoon I accompanied the young ladies and others of the family to take tea at Mr. Parrots.[1] Here I became acquainted with a charming family, consisting of three young ladies, two on a visit, and the heads of the house. There were many gentlemen, fine fellows and a few other ladies. I came rather late and thus lost a fine walk with the company. We amused ourselves with refreshments under the trees, with walking, running and leaping in the garden, and in the close of the eve. with lively conversation, quizzing &c. &c. in the parlour. Mirth and happiness smiled on the countenance of every person in the room, excepting one poor fellow who was most desperately smitten, and whose downcast look and constant attention betrayed his feelings. In this agreeable manner we remained untill ten, and then commenced our ride of two ms. One

[1] The family of Richard Parrott who lived on R street near 30th. He, with I. and W. Westerman, English manufacturers, owned the "Georgetown Wool and Cotton Manufactory." In 1810 he made a rope to survey the width of the Potomac river. From the rope walk in front of his home in 1809 came ropes.

of our young ladies, Miss Strong of Philadelphia, is the best performer and singer on the piano I ever heard. She amused us at Mr. Parrots for some of the eve.; the whole company were as easy and sociable as at home, and for my part I never was more so, and in less than five minutes was most intimately acquainted with the ladies. On Tuesday morning, I went to the Capitol and into the Senate house and library. After listening and staring for a short time in the House (which with the city manners &c. I shall describe at a future period) I espied Mr. Parrot and his three young ladies entering the gallery in which I was. After handing them to a seat, I chose the seat next to the prettiest, and disregarding those of the House, we two debated for the remainder of the time. I afterwards accompanied them to the carriage, and Mr. P. invited me to ride with them. With little hesitation I accepted and accompanied them to my lodgings where they alighted to call on our girls. We held a tentative consultation for some time and

they then departed. After dinner Mr. Monroe,[1] Sec. of foreign affairs, called with his carriage, to take the V. President to visit some gentlemen. At his request I accompanied him, and after riding over the city we alighted at the lodgings of Mr. Clay[2] speaker of the House, Mr. Judge Anderson and half a dozen others, to all of whom I was introduced. Here we sat in chairs before the house for some time and then after calling on some other gentlemen rode home. On the way we stopped and had *a good high* on some Soda Water. The rest of the eve. we spent in laughing with the girls. I forgot to mention that we called at Mr. Madison's, who being very ill and Mrs. M. being with him, we only saw Mr. & Mrs. Cutts their[3] sister. . . .

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The contents of the following ten leaves were stolen from my journal, an account of

[1] James Monroe, later President.
[2] Henry Clay, Speaker.
[3] Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Cutts. The latter a sister of Mrs. Madison.

which I shall give, after committing the idea as nearly as my memory will permit. The sentence at the bottom of the last page finishes thus: We only saw Mr. and Mrs. Cutts, their sister and brother in law, or some other profession. The remainder of the eve. we listened to the music of the ladies. On Wednesday morning I visited the public baths which are on an elegant construction. A separate apartment is for the ladies, and at one end of the building any kind of refreshment can be had. I took a warm bath, and likewise a few tickets by way of encouragement. I then went to the Capitol and again met the same ladies. I accompanied them to the carriage, and accepted an offer to ride home. After dinner Mr. Stone[1] invited my father to ride to the foundery, a short distance from town. Supposing myself and Mr. S. to constitute the party, he accepted. When we went to the door to enter the carriage what was our surprise to see two or three car-

[1] Probably Senator David Stone of N. C., former Governor of that State.

riages instead of one and the door crowded with the Wilson family.[1] When the motion was made to go, the old Lady said to me, You Mr. Gerry, will ride with me, and your father will go with the others. With heartfelt sorrow I entered the carriage and the old Lady placed me by her side and Miss Peggy directly opposite. I was so mortified that I could not speak a word for the whole way, which Miss Peggy observing said, "What is the matter, Mr. Gerry? I suppose you wanted to accompany the young ladies?" I replied, "Oh no," and at the same time said to myself, "The devil take you, Miss Peg." My grief was rendered tenfold by Mr. Jones [2] having asked me to accompany him, but I refused on account of being previously engaged to join my father. My father was ignorant of the company for some time, and when he

[1] There were two Wilson families prominent in Washington at the time. One that of John Wilson, a Federalist Representative from Mass., and of Thomas Wilson, a Democrat from Penn.

[2] Subsequent references to the Jones family indicate that it was with them that young Gerry boarded.

entered the carriage, supposed he was between the young ladies; he was so mortified that he did not speak a word, which the females observing, conversed with themselves. Mr. Jones was so vexed, that he would not follow us, untill we were far distant. We had not rode far, before Miss Peggy began to change color, and suddenly all was bustle and " I must get out." I asked what was the matter and was told " the horses would back and run us over the precipice." I tried to soothe Miss Peggy, but by this time she became quite frantic and gave me some most affectionate gripes on my arm and other parts. This aroused me and she now endeavored to jump out of the door, and cringed to the floor. I declared " she should break my leg first," and placed it across the door. With much difficulty we passed this place which shocked Miss Peggy, only because a river ran at the base of the hill on which we rode; the horses went perfectly well, and when Miss Peggy cried that they were running back, the road was very good

and we were going on quite well. The females in the other carriages were possessed with a similar panic, and alighted. But my father chose to ride and would not get out. When we arrived at the foundery, to my joy a shower came on, and we had a short distance to walk before we should reach it. I left the females and ran as fast as I could, the old lady calling all the time, "Take care of my darter, Mr. Gerry, she will spoil her bonnet," and I answering, "Oh yes, Oh yes marm." I reached the foundery and saved being wet, but Miss Peggy was sprinkled a little. The other females left my father to walk alone and he wasn't anxious to follow. Mr. Jones soon came on, to my great joy, and then I exerted myself to save the young ladies from being wet. We arrived at the foundery in time to see them pour the liquid iron into the mould (and I wanted to pour somebody in with it). This was very curious. The construction of the foundery is similar to the gun manufactory, and differs in being on a different scale, and also in having the cannon

solid at first and afterwards bored. We went to a short distance and saw them bore the cannon, which is done with regularity and ease.

The cannon are of the very best quality and this is the first and chief foundery in the Union. After seeing all we went on a hill to Mr. Foxhall, the owner of the works, and Mr. Jones being acquainted introduced us to him. From his door we had a most elegant prospect, the most picturesque I ever beheld. The Potomac was seen with all its windings for some distance, and sometime the course was lost. In the centre of one part an island owned by Mr. Mason,[1] on which a handsome house was seen, diversified the view, and the location of the neighboring country, with a bridge the longest in the U. States, crossing the river, all coöperated to make the scene very interesting. To describe it in a few words, Painters &c. say, it affords everything

[1] Analostan Island in the Potomac, home of Gen. John Mason, son of George Mason, who also maintained a home in Georgetown.

that art and fancy must sometimes supply. After we had remained here a short time, and partaken of some excellent refreshments, we directed our steps towards the carriages. I helped the young ladies in, and let the females help themselves. Miss Peggy wished very much to walk, and seemed quite hurt, because I laughed at her, saying, she admired to walk over hills. The other females walked and made my father accompany them. With some screaming and a few more affectionate gripes from Miss Peggy, we again passed this good ride, and went on with nothing singular (excepting the conversation of Peggy, who was quite troublesome and who was very fond of pointing out of the window) until we had almost come home, when the other carriage attempted to pass us. The horses on a sudden jumped, and then stopped. I ordered the coachman to stop, and returned to see what the matter was. When I perceived the fore wheel had come off, and on examination the hind wheel on the same side was half off, and all the rest

for what I know. This raised the winds and I perceived one of the females in great tribulation. Such a fuss and such yells I never heard. The females commenced their walk home and it being dark my father accompanied them. When I returned to my carriage I found the people had all escaped and not feeling disposed to follow-suit I jumped in and rode home. When they arrived I said I could not find them it was so dark, and to my joy this was the end of the affectionate gripes and sonoriferous yells of Miss Margeret-daw. The others gave a most lamentable account of the horrid accident (in which no one was hurt) to the young ladies, and we then amused ourselves with talking the affair over to the young ladies, to whom we explained the trap into which we were led. I should have refused to go, but supposing this to be the fashion in Washington, I tho't prudent to conform. I determined to put a stop to the officious importunities of Miss Peggy, who wanted me to ride on horseback with her on this morn Thursday. I took

the opportunity while she was alone, and marched into the room singing the chorus to the tune of Miss Bailey, with this alteration, "O Miss Peggy, unfortunate Miss Peggy, O Miss Peggy, frightful Miss Peg." Which was answered by, "Say Mr. Gerry that is *my* name." I replied "Bless me I was ignorant of it." This lessened her affection and I have not since been so much troubled. By a little manouvering I have obtained a room in the neighborhood of the ladies. I found out their retreat by the aid of Miss Peggy, and complained to the old lady that my room was quite unpleasant, saying that, it was warm, and that a cock crowed under my window, so as to disturb me, and that a dog walked in his sleep in the entry, and that the insects annoyed me, and by these excuses, Madam Wilson shewed me a room close to them. I said I did not like the room very well, but would take it. I am now pleasantly situated and have one on my left and two opposite. They have a pet in each room, a dog and a squirrel, which I

very often see. I think this was a good movement for I always like to be in the regions of ladies, the atmosphere is so much purer. And then it is so much like home, where I am surrounded. This morning Mrs. Jones,[1] an amiable and charming lady, invited me to accompany the ladies to call on some friends. I accepted with great pleasure, and we went. I was introduced to many ladies, one Mrs. Custis,[2] granddaughter of Lady Washington, and Consul (?) lady, and many young ladies. This excepting the last circumstances of the morning visits, is the substance, and much of the expression in the leaves taken from my journal. On Wednesday while I was absent, some of the family came into my room and after perusing my letters and journal, cut out these leaves, probably from a consciousness of their correctness. They then carried them to Mrs. Jones and compelled her to hear them. She said it was an infamous thing in them and

[1] Wife of the Secretary of the Navy.
[2] Mrs. George Washington Custis of Arlington.

asked how they obtained the leaves, and was answered a gentleman cut them out. She said, no gentleman would do so base a thing, and that he was a villain and a scoundrel, and she said if it was known it would ruin the reputation of their house forever. Mrs. Jones then said she would inform me, which they begged not, and then she declared she should inform Mr. Jones. My father was told first, and then myself. I was very much provoked and was determined to have the leaves. Some of the males tried to frighten me by certain movements, but I soon stopped them. I shall let it pass for my father's and Mrs. Jones' feelings; but otherwise should have some fun about it.

While at breakfast this morning I felt a violent jab again all over me, and at once said to myself, "The devil take the measles." Thinking I had them, I took a parting look of the ladies and retired to my chamber. I was determined to be certain, and ordered some balm tea. I at one setting, drank two large tea-pots full, making 15 or 20 cups, and

soon found it making a passage thro' every pore in me.

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After dinner, I joined my father, who called for a Mr. Leib,[1] and we went to take tea at Mr. Deblois'. Here I became acquainted with another charming family, and four young ladies. I passed a delightful eve., and found the ladies as usual, ready to form an acquaintance. I chose two of the finest girls and we three conversed for the whole eve. One was Miss Brown from Baltimore, who was on a visit to Alexandria, 6 mi. from here, and who came to W. to stay a few days; she is a beautiful and charming girl, and she returns to A. in two days. I asked where I should find her at A. and if I cannot accompany her there, as I intend to see the place, I shall call as I pass through. At their invitation I am to visit the navy-yard, close by them, on Saturday, which being the day Miss Brown said she should return, I am in hopes

[1] Michael Lieb, M. C., Philadelphia, who soon resigned to become Postmaster there.

I shall manage to join her party. After enjoying the eve. highly, we returned. Our three young ladies, my father and self, were setting together in the parlour, this eve., when we commenced a general attack on Miss Peggy which opened. The old lady in the morn, told me, that if I was —

(This ends page 238 and the pages to 245 have been taken out of the diary by someone)

When we had finished our calls, we rode to the House to hear the debates, but no interesting speaking occurred. Having remained here some time, we returned and dined. After dinner I took a hack and called for Mr. Leib, and we went to Mr. Deblois, from which we proceeded to the navy yard. It is on an elegant construction, and has a very handsome monument erected in the centre to the memory of some departed officers. When we had sufficiently reviewed everything and seen the workmen 2 or 300 collect to receive their week's pay we rode to Mr.

Dalton and drank tea. After this we returned to Mr. Deblois and drank coffee. Here we spent a pleasant eve., Miss Brown having gone, and at 9 o'clock I left Mr. Leib at his lodgings, and after taking his address, parted with him, who goes to Phil. tomorrow. Just after saying farewell, he accompanied me to the carriage, and found the coachman asleep. I gave the carriage a violent shake, when the poor fellow began to back the horses most vehemently, crying Wo! Wo! at a great rate. It was some time before he came to his senses, and we were heartily amused with the farce. When I returned I found Madame Bonaparte [1] had called in her coach for my father and self to visit Mr. Mason on his island and was disappointed in not seeing me. I felt the loss sincerely. However, I walked and romped with the girls and a Miss Burrows before the door for the rest of the eve, and then retired. This morning is the 4th of July, which coming on Sun-

[1] Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore who had married Jerome Bonaparte.

day, they have adjourned until the 5th. Mrs. Jones and girls breakfasted with Mr. Parrots, and owing to the stupidity of the servants, I missed receiving my invitation. I, however, in the forenoon took a hack and went to the bath, and here I spent part of the morn. The family had all gone to the Capitol to church,[1] and I was alone when I returned. My solitude was soon released by Mr. Parrots carriage stopping at the door, on their return from the Capitol. I ran down stairs to help the girls out, for there were five in it, but they summoned me to jump in and dine with Mr. P., which I did with agility, and we all rode together. I really tho't I was well situated and felt quite enraptured with my ride. We had not gone far, before the girls ordered the charioteer to stop at the soda water room. Here we alighted, and I had my hands full to supply the water fast enough. After they were satisfied, they all vowed I should stop to drink their health before I drank the water. I prayed them to

[1] Church services were then held in the Capitol.

have mercy, for I should lose the first air. They spoiled one glass full, and I told them I would reward the kindness. Perceiving a shower approaching, I determined to delay them and give them a sprinkling. By this time they had all run off to the carriage and left me to myself. I remained drinking and paying, untill I tho't the shower would overtake us and then jumped in. Then I quizzed them and declared they were all *high*, and that their eyes showed they were *half-seasoned*. We had a fine time, and to my sorrow just escaped the shower. We amused ourselves with talking and quizzing &c, 'till dinner. Then we all partook of a luxuriant family dinner. Before dinner, the girls all set against me, and I vowed vengeance. After dinner open war was waged, and they all armed themselves with swiches. I was sitting in the parlour, when one came in and requested I would come into the entry. This I acceded to, when I was beset on every side and swiched most violently. I was obliged to retreat and run upstairs. There, I issued a

proclamation, declaring that as I was driven into the war, and as warriors had a right to choose their own weapons, I should fight them with *tulips*. This occasioned a general attack, and I made much effort to aim my weapons with effect, but to no purpose.

After standing many charges, I began to make them retreat. Perceiving this, they determined to carry me by *coup de main*. So two went round the back to come thro' the chambers and flank me. All this time I was halfway upstairs. I now tho't my army overthrown, but a deserter informed me of the plan, and shewed me where to surprise them. I ran upstairs and posted myself in a room, and surprised them so thoroughly, that I gained a compleate victory. Thinking it my turn I gave chase, and they ran downstairs to the back room, then up the backstairs thro' all the chambers, and I kept as close as possible. They succeeded in retreating to a room, and I found myself fairly lost. I begged them to send a flag and pilot me downstairs, but being refused, after some

difficulty effected an escape. I had taken one prisoner and she escaped. I returned to the parlour thinking of my victory on the sofa, when I was suddenly assailed and was obliged to make my retreat thro' the window. They ran round to cut me off but I chased them back again and the door was fastened. By stratagem I gained admittance, and routed them, took two prisoners and kissed them both well. Thus finished the war, and I came off conqueror. I requested them to pursue it, but my weapons were a sure preventative, and I signed and sealed with a holy kiss the articles of peace. Previous to this war, another was declared, and I was attacked and cushioned, by the cushions of the sofa. But I caught a little mouse and by his help gained the victory. We were joined by more company in the eve, and spent it in conversation. I chose one lady who was very pleasant, Miss Dennie, and conversed with her for the rest of the time. I waited untill ten for the young ladies to make a movement, and began to think they would not return. This I dis-

covered, and took my hat to wish all good night and then walk two miles home. But Mr. Parrots and the rest insisted that I should stay all night which I accordingly did. In the morn of Monday I accompanied Mrs. P. in a phaeton, to Mrs. Jones, and they then rode together. This was the celebration of the 4th of July, tho' on the 5th. My dreams were so interesting, in the morn, that tho' the cannon were close to my window I tho't it was regular thunder, and did not recollect untill ten had been discharged.

Myself and father took a hack and rode to Alexandria this morn, and had a delightful ride. We rode before dinner to see the town, which is laid out in right-angular streets paved in the center and sides, and they are very broad. The place has much shipping and is very large, probably contains 700 houses or many more. It has been a place of much business, but the war affected it sensibly. The houses are mostly brick, and are not very handsome. After dinner, I called on Miss Brown, whom I found as in-

teresting as before. We then returned by a different and longer route, and after crossing the Potomac by ferry, arrived at Mr. Parrot's. Here we met our ladies, and after staying some time we rode home and went to bed. The next morning I mounted my horse, and went thro' Alexandria to Mount Vernon, the residence of General Washington. It is 15 miles from Washington, and I lost my road and went 3 miles out of the way. I however, like the babes in the woods, made a fine feast on blackberries, and my horse began to eat also, but found the vines too sharp for his lips. A mile this side of the house you enter a gate, on each side of which is a small neat white house, for the porter, an old negro. You then ride through a romantic woods to the house. The house faces you in a woods, has two stories and is very long. Large wings are attached to it, and on the top is a cupola. On one side is an elegant garden, which has a small white house for the gardener, and a row of brick buildings back of it. All these are enclosed

by a wall in an oval form, and leaving a large area before the house for the yard. On the other side without the wall, are the stables, &c. and a small negro house. Back of the mansion is a summer house, which commands an elegant view of the Potomac, on the banks of which the house is situated. Things have an ancient appearance, but the original plans, and the whole must have been very elegant. The gardener, an old German, carried me to a field near the house, and opened the family tomb to me. It is in an obscure place and is undistinguished by the least ornament.[1] It is covered by saveons, and four oak trees nearly form corners to it. I went in, and 17 coffins appeared. The General, and in fact, the whole are first encased in a leaden sheet, then placed in a leaden coffin, then in a mahogany, then covered with a plain board coffin, without ornaments, except handles. The gardener next carried me over the garden, which has fine

[1] Washington's original tomb here described was where he had built it, but the location was so notoriously unfit that years later the present tomb was built.

apples, cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, and all kinds of fruit. I then was shown into the dining and breakfast rooms. The first is small for a dining room, and contains nothing in it, but the furniture of the present occupant, who is Judge Washington,[1] nephew to the General. The mantelpiece is of superb marble, and carved in the most elegant manner done in Italy. The other room had an exact likeness of the General, taken from the side of a pitcher, and is supposed to have been the work of chance. There were some elegant representations of the siege of Gibraltar, and in a case hangs the key of the French Bastile, presented to the General. After I had satisfied my curiosity, I rode home again making 33 miles before two o'clock. After dinner I took my horse, and rode to Mr. Parrots. Here I spent a very pleasant eve, and was persuaded to stay all night. The next morn, Wednesday, I accompanied Mrs. P. and the ladies, very early to drink some soda, after which we took a

[1] Bushrod Washington, Justice of the Supreme Court.

long ride, and returned to breakfast, which we had in the garden under the trees. Last night our boarders were invited to a party in the next house. I was not acquainted. After breakfast, I rode home, and then heard of my being plundered. This provoked me so, that I remained with the girls all day, and in the forenoon Mr. Deblois called to invite me to a party at his house. I felt so much resentment, that I excused myself, and at dinner he called and drank a glass of wine with me.

In the afternoon I called with my father on Madame Bonaparte, and then spent the remainder of the eve at home with the girls, who were to proceed for Philadelphia in the morn. The room was full of company, and Mr. Parrot's family formed a part. I sat up half of the night to write letters, and rose early the next morn to take leave of my friends. We parted at 6, and I assure you with much regret. Miss Worthington had previous to this changed her lodgings, so we were almost forsaken now. After breakfast,

I took my horse and spent the morning with the ladies. At twelve I went to the House where I heard many interesting debates. I then rode to see the encampments of a regiment, in the confines of the city, and was glad to return, for the sun was so hot, that it threw me into a fever which lasted some hours. This morn a Mr. Lear called on me and invited me to dine with him tomorrow. After dinner the loss of my friends gave me the blues, and I rode to Mr. Parrots to drive them away. We had at dinner much company, and with others Miss Burrows. But she was kidnapped by the Wilson army, and I could not join her on that account. At Mr. P's., I had a very pleasant eve., and sat with the girls in the garden. They pressed me to stay, but I felt too modest to-night, and returned. This morning I spent at home, excepting a half hour, which I enjoyed at Madame Bonaparte's. I dined with Mrs. Lear,[1] with Mrs. Custis and Mr. Lear. I had a pleasant time and received friendly atten-

[1] Mrs. Tobias Lear, wife of Washington's secretary.

tions. After dinner I returned, and went with my father to be introduced to Pres. and Mrs. Madison. We were shewn upstairs to his room, and found him reclining on a setee or couch. He looked pale and wan, and is naturally small. He bears the marks of age, and of a very strong mind. He had a flannel, but handsome loose gown on and rested on pillows. Mrs. Madison is very handsome, of an elegant form and dignified deportment, has a fine complexion high and delicately colored. I sat with Mrs. Madison all the eve and found her of elegant manners, accomplished and easy, and at the same time, possessed of that pleasing dignity which will always command the esteem and respect of every person. She treated me with friendly attention, and more like a son than a stranger. I in turn studied to be polite and attentive and when she had prepared the refreshments, always handed them to the President. I was soon informed by her, that I was second cousin to her, and felt highly honored, and peculiarly favored in being

*DOLLY MADISON*

The wife of President James Madison and one of the most famous beauties of the time.

*From the original now in the possession of Mr. Richard Cutts, Washington.*

related to a lady, who is not rivalled in excellence and worth. Engaged in the most friendly and pleasing conversation I remained untill after nine, with my father, who to my joy, conversed with Mr. Madison. Mr. and Mrs. Cutts, (sister to Mrs. Madison and who resides with her at present) and Mr. Monroe were also with us. Mrs. Cutts shewed me the whole house, and likewise gave me an account of every thing that related to the family. Mrs. Madison also entertained me with an account of her levees &c., &c. of similar things, and promised to shew me the colours taken at Fort George, the next morning if I would call. In this delightful manner I spent a long eve, and then returned to compare this family to the accomplished and amiable Wilsons. Mrs. Madison was dressed in a yellow silk gown, (or garment whose name I do not know) rather loose and plain, and wore a neat bonnet or hat made of silk and was very plain. She had a cravat around her neck, and spangled (I believe) cloth shoes. The President's

house is a perfect palace. You enter the front door, and are at once in a large hall, which is as an entry &c. Pillars of immense size are dispersed thro' this; and it is handsomely furnished &c. and has large lamps for the whole length. On the side opposite to the entrance are doors opening to four rooms. The corner is the dining room and is very spacious, and twice the height of modern parlours and 3 times as large. This is furnished in the most elegant manner, and the furniture is so large, that Mrs. Cutts says, the sideboard would cover the whole side of a large parlour. At the head of the room, General Washington is represented as large as life. This room opens by a single door into Mrs. Madison's sitting-room which is half as large. This furnished equally as well, and has more elegant and delicate furniture. Her portrait is here seen. This room, in the same way, enters into the drawing-room, which is an immense and magnificent room, in an oval form, and which form is preserved in those above and even to the cellar. A door

opens at each end, one into the hall, and opposite, one into the terrace, from whence you have an elegant view of all the rivers &c. The windows are nearly the height of the room, and have superb red silk velvet curtains which cost 4$ a yard. The chairs are wood painted, with worked bottoms and each has a red velvet large cushion. They are arranged on the side, and are divided into four divisions by sofas. These three rooms are all open in levee nights. Next to the drawing-room is the President's sitting-room which has no communication with the former and opens to the hall. This corresponds to Mrs. Madison's parlour, and is handsomely furnished. This opens to his cabinet which I did not see. The cabinet is divided by a temporary petition from the grand council chamber which runs the whole breadth of the house, and is more than twice the breadth of common halls. This room is unfinished. Opposite to the dining room is one of the same size for the private secretary, and between that and the door, one smaller for the porter,

who is always at the door. Lengthways of the house, and thro' the hall, is a walk, which extends on a terrace at each end for some way. A staircase, arched to admit of this walk, ascends at one end, and this is the grand staircase. It is in the form of an U and has stairs on each side, meeting in the centre. Thro' the second story is a hall or entry and this opens into all the rooms, which are more numerous and smaller than the lower rooms. The President's communicated with others, and this is all the information I can give of the inside of the house.

The building is of freestone and is approached by a yard, which becomes oval at the door. The grounds are surrounded by a high stone wall, and on each side, at the distance of 1 or 300 yards is a large brick building, one for the Sec. of War and the other of the Navy. The terrace was to communicate to each building connecting the three. This morn, Saturday, I changed my lodgings to Mr. O'Neal's,[1] near to the other. Here we

[1] O'Neal's Franklin House. The daughter of the house, the

have 3 or 4 fine girls, and I am in their neighborhood. Their music amuses us, and they are very accomplished. They are two Miss Goldsborough's [1] (and Mrs. G.) and Miss Ringgold [2] and mother. I am much indebted to the Wilsons for declaring war with me, and have a better room and in fact this house is every way superior. I shall now no longer be coquetted by Miss Peg. I spent the morning in my chamber writing, and at twelve went to Mrs. Madison's where I saw the colours. The royal standard covered most all the grand council chamber, and is 40 feet long, and 30 broad. The other is of equal length and narrow. On the first the royal arms are represented by inserted cloth of different shapes and colours, the other is merely striped. I then returned to my pen. At dinner we had much company, and passed the time very agreeably. I then took my horse,

famous Peggy O'Neal Eaton, played havoc with Jackson's Cabinet later.

[1] The family of Representative Charles W. Goldsborough of Maryland.

[2] Probably of the family of the Marshall of the District.

and rode a few miles, and in Georgetown discovered a college. 'Tis a large brick building 4 stories high, and is a Roman institution. I then called on Mr. Parrots, and found that the ladies had all gone to a barbecue, on the other side of the long bridge. This term is applied to a festival for young people, and at it, they had a dinner, which always is of roast meat, and in the eve they danced &c. I learned, they had called to take me, but called at my old, instead of my new lodgings. I spent the eve with them, and then returned. Sunday morn, I remained at home and at 11 rode to the bath house; where after refreshing myself, I returned home to dine. In the afternoon, I rode to G'town and called on Miss Worthington, who [1] was unwell. I then went to Mr. Parrot's and had not been there long, before Miss W. came in. We sat under the trees in the garden, as we always do, and here we had tea. We all joined, and we (young people) accompanied Miss W. home.

[1] Daughter of Senator Worthington. Georgetown was then the fashionable quarter.

After leaving her, we went to the mineral water room, and drank some soda, and then walked home, having our party increased. I spent the remainder of the eve here, and then rode to my house. When I returned, being late, I could not find the ostler, and tied my horse to the stable door; I afterwards told someone in the house to mention it to the man. Mr. O'Neal, at two in the morn got up for something, and found the patient horse at his post, otherwise he would have remained there much longer. Monday after breakfast, I mounted my horse and went to the Capitol, here I met a great many persons whom I knew. Madame Bonaparte and Miss Pierre, Misses Goldsborough's and Ringgolds and many gentlemen. I remained here two hours, for the company only, for no debating occurred. I then joined Mr. Duval, and we rode towards home. We stopped and refreshed ourselves on the way, and after leaving him I rode to G'town to place my horse and his wardrobe, to the care of a person to be sold. I parted

with him affectionately and commenced my walk home. On the way I regailed myself with ice cream and cordials and arrived at dinner time. At dinner we had a fine time as usual, and the gentlemen always sat some time crating claret, and the Members amuse us with their anecdotes, which makes time flit away very pleasantly. In the afternoon I joined my father and called on the French Minister (Mr. Suriere), the former Swedish Consul and many other gentlemen, and we spent the last of the eve with Sect. Homans. We had a fine ride, and the French Minister's seat was very elegant. At the entrance of the lane, thro' the woods is a neat white small house, for the porter. The house of the French Minister is on a hill secreted by trees and is a handsome brick building. On Tuesday morn I joined Mr. Eppes and Capt. MacPherson and in a hack went to the Capitol. I amused myself in the library, and with hearing debates untill two, when I walked home for exercise, and on the way I took some soda water, as a spur to my walk. After dinner

I went to my father's lodgings, and met Mon. Suriere and his Sect. M. Caraman. We sat some time and the French Minister amused us with reading the account of the Battle at Leipsic. I had at table engaged to join a party, and to go to the theatre, but these gentlemen detained me untill it was too late. But I went with Mon Pere to the President's and saw Mrs. Madison who was unwell. She had on a plain tight cap or bonnet, of yellow silk with yellow ribbon rumpled for trimmings. A striped silk mantle covered her entirely to her feet, and was elegant. This was tied under the chin with a cravat carelessly. I could faintly discover, that a slate-coloured gown was hid by the mantle. Her feet I had not the honor of being permitted to examine, and therefore am unable to describe. Most of the time she gracefully reclined on a settee or couch covered with pillows. The last part of the eve I spent with Mrs. Kerr's [1] where I saw Miss Randolph, Burrows, and Miss Kerr. We listened to

[1] Wife of Representative John Kerr of Virginia.

their music, and romped a little, and then after eating some lunch and drinking some punch and other good things, I walked home with Miss B., and then walked into my bedchamber and put out the light. Wednesday morn I spent at home, and after dinner went with my father to Mr. Parrots' where we remained untill 10½, he having amused us with a treatise on love. Early on Thursday, the city was alarmed by information, that the British were coming up the river with a large fleet, and were only 50 miles distant. Alarm guns were fired, and the bells set in motion, and very soon every person in the city was moving. Soldiers in every direction were mustering, and in a few hours 2 or 3000 troops were on their march to the fort, 14 miles distant. They were followed by carts loaded with ammunition, provisions, and baggage of all kinds. In the afternoon a list was circulated for volunteers on which list I placed my name. We are for a police guard and a corps to defend the city. Every preparation is making to defend the

place, and even now (Saturday) troops are passing in all directions. I, however, on Thursday morn, went to the Capitol and remained there untill dinner, being highly entertained with some interesting debates. The afternoon I spent in listening to the conjecture and conversations of groups standing near our house, and in the course of the day I went to G. town to drink soda. In the eve, I went with my father and spent it at Mrs. Lear's and Mrs. Custer's. Here we had a pleasant time and returned to rest untill morning. On Friday I called for my friend Mr. Lear,[1] son of the Consul, and went to G. town, where I put my horse into a chaise, and after having a shoe placed on his foot, we proceeded towards the fort. We passed canon, soldiers, and baggage of all description on the way, and when we had rode 8 miles, my horse went so lame, that we were obliged to relinquish our enterprise and return. We stopped at the blacksmith's and

[1] Benj. Lear, son of Tobias Lear and a favorite of Washington.

found he had pricked him in nailing on the shoe. We then carried our horse and chaise back, and after drinking plentifully of soda, went to the billiard room. This was so full, that we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings and refresh ourselves with cake and punch. I wrote 'till dinner, after which I occupied myself with walking, talking and so forth untill bedtime. This morn (Saturday) I walked with Lear to G. town, and when regailed with soda, we played at billiards for some time, and returned. I then spent part of the morn at his room, and part by calling on Mr. and Miss Kerrs, where I had a long dispute in favour of batchelors. I maintained the argument untill I induced them to imagine I was determined to live a single life and then I gave over the contest. I expected to have been called last night to patrol the city,[1] but I think my turn will not come

[1] The British fleet had appeared at Chesapeake Bay to pillage Havre de Grace. Washington was preparing for an attack. A few earthworks were hastily thrown up on Greenleaf's Point, a citizens committee was appointed to coöperate with the Government, volunteers were accepted to patrol the

'till tomorrow night. By the last accounts the enemy were at the place where they were first seen. Before night I expect to hear directly from the posts near them, and I may be called out tonight. Lear and myself have determined always to turn out together, and to fight by each other's side, untill *te diem resort.* A company of artillery were ordered to be divided and one half to march lower down the river. They refused, saying all should go together. Gen. Armstrong then ordered a company of infantry to enforce his commands when the artillery tho't it advisable to obey orders. I have just seen a circumstance of a different nature. Two small boys engaged in a contest and commenced the attack most furiously. They maintained the conflict very equally for some time, and victory for a long time was very doubtful. At last one made a *coup de main* and carried the other, the latter falling under the other. At this moment the mother of one came out,

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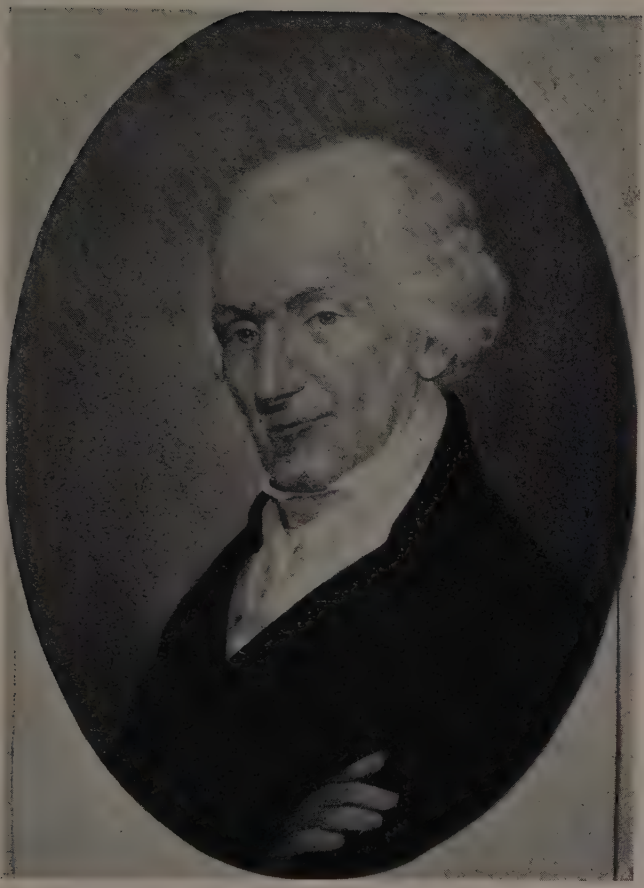
city at night, and there was much drilling in front of the White House.

and chastised both severely, when a precipitate retreat commenced on both sides, and victory decided in favor of the mother. After dinner I took a hack and rode over to Mr. Parrot's, and spent the evening with the ladies. I had not been there long before my father came also. After tea we sat round the table untill we went home. We young ones, amused ourselves by making poetry. I wrote one line and Miss N. the next, and in this way we composed many verses. We soon began to write a verse apiece, and by answering each others stanzas we made a great deal of merriment. After obtaining a ringlet of her hair, and a few other things, we entered into an argument, which we agreed to determine by a bet. I wagered 4 kisses (which they said should be sugar, and which I said would to me be sweeter than sugar) against 10 glasses of soda water, which I have lost and I shall pay my debt — to a farthing. I had previously dismissed my hack and therefore we both rode home together. I remained home on



*ELBRIDGE GERRY*

The father of Elbridge Gerry, Jr., a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Vice President of the United States during Madison's administration.

*From the original in the possession of Annette Townsend.*

Sunday morn, and after dinner walked over to G. town, and obtained the articles of my bet, after which I went to the soda room. While here it began to rain, and not being able to find a hack or umbrella, and set out for Mr. P.'s expecting to escape the shower. I was wet a little before I could reach the house, as it was some distance. Here I paid my bet, and the rain continuing all the eve, I was persuaded to remain all night.

The next morning I began my walk for home at 9 o'clock and here I took a hack and called on the Miss Deblois' with whom I spent an hour. The debates of the House amused me untill dinner, to which I returned. At my lodgings I learned that the Capt. of the Guard had called on me, on Sunday eve, to patrole in my turn, but could not find me. I however agreed to turn out on Monday night and tho't myself fortunate to escape this last night, as it rained quite fast. This afternoon I spent with Mr. Lear and at home, and at ten commenced my nocturnal walk. We were divided into two parties, three in

each, and our patrole was thro' one ward. Our duty was to hail every person, and if he could not give our countersign, or if he was not known to us, we must put him into the watch house untill morn. We walked all over the ward on the first cruise, about 3 ms., and only met two persons. I had an encounter with two dogs, who attacked me, and when I had hailed them to no purpose, I charged bayonet, and combatted them with great presence of mind. I had not engaged them long before the master put his head out of the window, and joined in their barking, against me; I resolved to silence his guns, and in a loud tone hail'd him with "Who goes there?" He gave no answer and I added "Speak or I'll run you thro'." The poor fellow pulled in his head quite slyly, and after routing the dogs, who all this time were at my heels, I joined my comrades. When we reached the main street we heard talking in a house, and on approaching, was desired by a woman to take care of a drunken man, who had entered her house to repose. We took

hold of him, and told him to come with us, when he exclaimed, "What! damn it, have you got me a second time?" We told him he must go with us, and asked him where he came from. In a sleepy tone, he answered, "Why Gordamn-e, I deserted from the Queen Charlotte, at Anappolis."[1] We asked who commanded her, and he said, "That damn scoundrel of admirable Warren." After he highly amused with his conversation, we left him to his peregrination, thro' the streets. By this time we were inclined to rest a short period, and came in sight of a grog shop. To support the system, we determined to go in and take a drop, and then to laugh at the other watch, at our advantage over them. When we came to the door, we were hailed by them and found that they had made a similar combination. When we had refreshed ourselves, we took a short cruise, and then awoke the morning watch. We could not muster enough by one, and I was chosen to supply his place. I joined Mr.

[1] Queen Charlotte at Annapolis.

Duval, an acquaintance of mine, and we set out on a secret expedition together. On the way we had an engagement with three dogs; the first I combatted and pricked his nose thro' the fence. The other two, Mr. D. chased and I cut off their retreat, and by that maneuver we conquered. As the city was very still, we pitched our tents in my lodgings and drank port wine and ate cake untill day light. On Tuesday morn, I awoke at my usual hour, and went to breakfast.

Yesterday we had an addition to our boarders of a gentleman and three ladies, from S. Carolina. They are very agreeable, and are the only ladies who breakfast with us. They all have separate rooms and parlours, and we have to visit as if in a different house, except more sociably. After breakfast Mr. Lear called for me and we went to G. town and amused ourselves with billiards and soda untill dinner. After dinner Mr. Hambleton, (a young man just from Lisbon, and who is at Mrs. Wilson's) called for me to walk; we went to Georgetown, and then returned to my

house, where we and a few others, regailed ourselves with port wine &c. Mr. Hambleton at dusk left me, and as I went with him to the door I met Mr. Duval. He sat with me an hour and agreed to go to Mr. Parrots' on Wednesday eve. Mr. Goldsborough now informed me that while I was walking, a handsome young lady called on me.[1] He was standing at the door, and she asked him if I was within. He replied no and asked her to leave a card, but she said she would call again. I have not since discovered the lady, but feel highly honored, and the boarders are so jealous of my honor, that they are determined to rally me. This eve I spent at home, and on Wednesday morn, I again went with Lear to Georgetown, after having walked over once before to my tailor. After dinner Mr. Duval sent an apology, for his being prevented from filling his engagement, and I accompanied my father to Mr. Vanness, on whom I called with Mrs. Jones, but she was out. I became acquainted with Miss Burns,

[1] The Goldsboroughs were living with Gerry at O'Neal's.

who is very pleasant and sensible. Mrs. Vanness [1] is a handsome and very agreeable lady. I also saw Mr. Vanness who is General of the district. We spent a delightful eve, and I was treated with great attention and politeness, and have promised to be sociable, which is a peculiar trait in my character. We returned at a late hour. I forgot to mention, that on Sunday, we called on the Russian Minister, M. Dashkoff and Lady, but I did not see them. Mrs. Dashkoff has drawing room every Friday eve, but owing to an accident on the part of my father, he has not had an opportunity of calling before. We shall go tomorrow, should there be a drawing room. The City is still in arms, and the enemy are much in the same position. Should they come up, our company will join in the attack, which turns some cowards blue. As the militia are ordered off, I expect to patrole more frequently, and this is very nec-

[1] Mrs. Van Ness was the Marcia Burns who was a leader of fashion noted for her goodness to the poor. The Van Nesses lived in one of the show places of the crude capital.

essary, for the blacks in some places refuse to work, and say they shall soon be free, and then the white people must look out. One negro woman went so far as to steal her mistress's keys, and refused to return them, saying she would soon pay her for old and new. This was in the city, and the negro was confined. Should we be attacked, there will be great danger of the blacks rising,[1] and to prevent this, patroles are very necessary, to keep them in awe. One other preventative at present is, the want of a leader. On Thursday, I employed myself till dinner, in writing letters, journal, and in perusing Miss Edgeworth's tales of fashionable life. In the afternoon I took a hack and called on Duval to spend the eve, with Mr. Parrots according to promise, but he was out of town, and I gave up the expedition. The day was stormy, except at intervals, and I found the blues

[1] Washington was in a panic over the possibility of a black rising. This spectre was regularly called into service when a foreign war was in prospect and the Federalists used it in an attempt to frighten the South into supporting the proposed war with France in Adams' Administration.

coming on me, so I went to Lear's room, which is close by me, and I found that he was rather blue. He amused me with repeating his own and other poetry, and in telling anecdotes, and at dusk I left him. I then determined to call on my father, and as I passed my windows, I saw an officer and some of our ladies at tea. But I continued my walk and saw at Mrs. W.'s the French Minister and his secretary M. Caramon. I remained here an hour and when I returned, met the officer. The ladies I found in the parlour, where they sit often in the eve. These are from Georgia, who came a few days since. The others always stay upstairs, and only come down to dinner. I spent the rest of the eve with the Georgia ladies. The next morn, after breakfast, my father came with the officer, and introduced me to Col. Coles who I found to be my cousin. He remained with me some time after my father left us, and he accepted my invitation to dinner. I then made Miss Egdeworth my companion 'till dinner, at which we had

some additional company, and a very pleasant party. After dinner, we gentlemen as usual, sat an hour drinking wine &c. and laughing at anecdotes. Mr. Goldsborough asked Col. Coles and myself to spend the eve with the ladies, when we accordingly went upstairs. I was careful to secure a seat by a lady, altho there were three gentlemen to one. We only had the two young ladies, and a Miss Mercer,[1] and I was so fortunate as to have one of them the whole eve, the other poor fellows hadn't heart sufficient to make a bold push, except one who endeavored to place his chair between me and Miss G. but I soon defeated him by moving nearer to her, and thus leaving him to sit on my other side. We had a pleasant eve untill 9½ when we left. I walked a little way with Col. Coles and then came back again.

I called on Saturday to see Mr. Coles, who was to leave town the next morn, but he was not at home. I on my return found that he

[1] Probably of the family of the Democratic leader of Maryland, John Francis Mercer.

had called on me, and by this mistake we did not see each other again. But I tho't I would ride it off, and in my ride, called at Mrs. Parrots. Here I saw a handsome lady, Miss Forest, who is on a visit. I was so pleased with this discovery, that I staid an hour, after which I returned to dress for the French Minister's dinner party. Father called for me and we both rode together. We were rec'd at the door, by two footmen, dressed in French livery, and after taking our hats we were shown into the drawing room. When dinner was announced, we went into the room, and had everything in the French style which was most splendid. We had 5 or 6 courses, and as many wines, champagne, &c. The dishes were so disguised by the French manner of cookery, that had we been disposed, it would have been impossible to name them. After dinner, we walked out of the dining into the drawing room where coffee was served by the steward, on a round table in the middle of the room, and each took a cup as he pleased, but none had cream. At dusk

the company broke up, and our hack not being there, we rode home with Mr. Cutts. After changing my clothes I spent the eve with father. Sunday after breakfast, I took my horse, and rode two miles to the barber's to have my hair cut. This was near the Capitol, and merely in another part of the city. I waited two hours for him, serenaded by the infant cries of his squabbling brats and having accomplished the object of my journey, I returned and dressed, to dine with Mrs. Parrots. I partook of a pleasant family dinner, and as I was thinking of leaving them, a carriage drove up to the door. This did not divert my attention from the girls, and the first person I beheld on turning around was a most beautiful girl, the handsomest I have seen since I left home. I was introduced to Miss Turner, and at once resolved to spend the eve in her company. I had half promised to take tea with Mrs. Madison, but this was morally impossible, under my present situation. I found Miss Turner to be as amiable and

pleasant and sensible as she was beautiful, and at dusk, with regret at the shortness of the visit, I handed her into the carriage. I now joined the other girls, and we all took a long walk. In this agreeable manner I spent the eve, and after our walk I returned but not before I had learned where Miss Turner lived. Monday I spent the whole day at home, writing, and reading novels, and sometimes going to Lear's to laugh. In the eve I rode on horseback and was not annoyed with flies, or fatigued with heat. On Tuesday I called to see Miss Martin, and then Mrs. Vanness, and Miss Burns. We two agreed to make a party and to ride on horseback on Thursday. I was chosen as one of a committee of three, to invite Miss Worthington, and Mr. Ratcliff and Miss Burns were to invite the rest. We made our arrangements and the several committees were to meet the next day and report. I spent a pleasant hour with them and returned home. The volunteer companies were discharged the day previous, and a company of artillery went this fore-

noon to salute the President. I saw them fire, and observed the last gun to go off much sooner than the regular time. I enquired the cause and found that it went off as the man was ramming the powder down. The rod was broken and the man had his hat torn from his head and that was very much hurt. He received the charge just above his hip and the force turned him around and threw him down. He was carried off, and will soon recover. This company has six pieces of cannon, and one caisson. Just before dinner Mr. Clark from Boston and Mr. Berry[1] called on me. Mr. Berry is the brave young midshipman who was knocked down from the mizzenmast of the Chesapeake and treated so cruelly by the British after his surrender. They stayed but a few minutes, and I promised to go with them to the theatre in the eve. But by some accident we missed each other and being thus disappointed, spent the eve at home. This morn (Wednes-

[1] The heroic fight of the Chesapeake and the death of Lawrence had taken place the first of June and young Berry was naturally a hero in Washington.

day) I walked to Georgetown, and called on Miss Worthington who consented to be of our party. I then called on Miss Burns and made my report, but the others were not so punctual. I next went to the hotel and after waiting a short time, Clark and Berry came in. Here we sat and when refreshed with a little *wine-bitters,* we took a hack and rode to Georgetown. When they had finished their business, they left me at my house. Mr. Berry called on the Sec. of the Navy and wore the hat, he received the blow of a cutlass on it. This and a handkerchief in it, prevented the cutlass from severing his head in two. As it was the wound was very deep and the hat is cut almost in two, but the blow was on the back of head, as I could perceive by his hat. He is an amiable and modest youth, and tho' in the navy, owns a plantation a few miles from this city. I invited them to dine with me on Saturday which was accepted. Mr. C. dines with my father today. After dinner I went to Mr. Parrots and spent the eve. When I was coming away,

they urged me to stay, and said I should be caught in the shower, which threatened. But I left them, and rode but half way home, when I felt it begin to drop, and tho' I was close to the G. town hotel, it came on so suddenly, that I had not time to jump off my horse and go into the house, untill I was gently wet. I staid 'till the shower was over and then went home. This morn my friend Lear went to the Eastward and I was to see him no more. On Thursday morn, Mr. Ratcliff called on me and informed me that the company would be ready to ride at 5 o'clock. After drinking port wine and water, we called on several livery stables to find means to be carried and he then left me. At five I went down, and Miss Burns, Mitchell and Price, and Mr. Gerry Ratcliff and Brent set off on a ride. We elected Miss Burns commander of the company, and we obeyed her orders. We rode to Bladensburgh,[1] 6 ms.,

[1] A small town across the District line in Maryland, long a favorite duelling ground, where the British were soon to administer a humiliating defeat to the American arms. There was a famous tavern there, at which stage coaches stopped.

and when we had there refreshed ourselves with wine &c. we walked to a spring near the house. When we had drank sufficiently of its inexhaustible fountain, we mounted and began our ride home, which we reached at 8. The girls wanted some pins at the tavern, and I went into the kitchen and paid court to an old black woman who I persuaded to part with a few. I found her, whipping a little black boy with much grace, and by going in, I saved him a few blows. The man cheated us in the wine, which provoked one of the gentlemen to empty what remained out of the window. When we called for Miss Price, one of the ladies wished to change horses and after the saddle was taken off from her horse, he took to his heels, and ran home 1 mile. The Gentleman took our servant's horse and left him to catch the other and follow us. We met him half way on our return. Our ride was delightful and everything contributed to make it so. I took the prettiest girl and we rode by ourselves, untill the others cried out, "The parson is coming." So for appear-

ance we agreed to meet a mile ahead, after which the parson could not see us, it was so dark. We had determined to go to the theatre but it was too late. When we returned, coffee and the piano amused us at Mr. Vaness, untill we parted. This morn (Fr.) I called on the ladies and found them ready for another ride. I called on Mr. Clark but he was out. I employed my time 'till dinner in writing. In the afternoon, father and myself went to the navy yard and called on Com. Fingry and lady, and then spent the eve with Mr. Dalton, where we saw the Miss Deblois's and other ladies six in number. We had a fine time here, and came home late, with a tipsy coachman. On Saturday morn, I rode to the navy yard to see a barge launched, and Mr. Pope and myself looked at the different works and then we came home. I continued to Mr. Parrots and saw Miss Denny. After dinner I mounted my horse, and as I rode by Mr. Vanness he called to me, and invited me to join the ladies in a party at the theatre. I accepted, and pursued

my ride to Mr. Clark's who in the eve joined me. We all met at the theatre, which is a small building, has a pit, and one row of boxes. All classes sit together and there is not the least distinction. A great fat butcher in the first part of the play usurped my seat, but I soon convinced him that he was out of his sphere. The play was Macbeth and the actors quite indifferent. The theatre is but a temporary affair and will be finished in time. The swallows were flying over our heads all the eve. I accompanied the ladies home, and it being too late to go to my house I slept at Davis's tavern.

Mr. Ratcliff and myself commenced our walk for the ladies to Davis, and tho' a short distance, we were stopped twice by the patrole. At Davis's a singularly eccentric boy amused us till half past one at night. I found that Mr. Clark's name was down for Sunday's stage, and on the evidence of his intention to go the next day, I went to his chamber and awoke him to say, goodbye friend. He had gone home to D's before us.

I found him surrounded by a multitude of *bed fellows* which prospect alarmed me, but I was more fortunate than him. I promised Ratcliff to breakfast with him. On Sunday when I arose I went over the way to his lodgings, and was told he was not up. I sat down and waited and waited 'till breakfast was announced. I sat down with the boarders, and finished my meal. After we had done I told the servant to shew me R's room, and went in to wake him. I laughed at him for his short memory, and after seeing him safe on his pedestrals, I gave him a morning shake. I had promised to join Mr. Duval and go to Alexandria, so I rode to his house and put my horse into his gig. We went to it and after putting the horse into his quarters, we called on Miss Newton, the object of our visit.

She had met with a singular accident. When riding in a gig with the top down, and resting her face on her hand, a gentleman's saddle horse, who was riding by her side, suddenly elevated his hind legs and kicked her

hand, which probably saved her lily white cheek. We next called on several ladies and a gentleman who were all out. We then called on Miss Yeaton and Miss Clark, who, especially the last, are very beautiful. I spent the most delightful hour I ever did with these charming girls, after dismissing three other gentlemen. Miss Clark is truly beautiful, and is to go to Boston immediately, where I hope I shall profit by her acquaintance. We remained here 'till almost dinner time, and then took some refreshments at the tavern to enable us to ride to W. again. Nothing parted us from this pleasant society, but an engagement to dine at W. We left A. at two, and arrived at W. at three. We dined at my father's with a large party of gentlemen, and in the eve, we two went to Mrs. Madison's. She amused me very much all the eve, and Mrs. Cutts, and Mrs. Madison with Col. Taylor and myself sat on the sofa. We traced our relationship, and found we were all second cousins. A general vote was taken, and was carried, *nemine contra,* that

we should in future address each other by the title of cousin. We returned late in the eve. Congress were in session all the day, and on Monday were to adjourn. On Monday I was engaged in paying my take-leave visits, and making preparations for my departure. I called on Miss Mitchell who had just heard that the beautiful Miss Abercrombie had expired that moment. Herself, sister and brother, (all of the company now playing at the theatre) had been sick for a few days, and in hearing of the death, the brother was left almost dead, the other sister does not know of it. It is probable both will die by night. The misfortune is peculiarly interesting, as they have not been in this country long, and are in this city without any of their friends. Both the females are beautiful, one 17, and the other only 19 years old. Tuesday I was occupied in taking leave, and preparing to take a journey thro' Virginia, the next morning.

## *Table of Expenses by the day*



| | | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| May | 3 | To Framingham | 1 | 47 |
| | 4 | To Charlton | 1 | 66 |
| | 5 | To Stafford | | 67 |
| | 6 | At Stafford and warm bath | 4 | 24 |
| | 7 | To Hartford | 1 | 83 |
| Sat. | 8 | To Bristol | 2 | 34 |
| | | | 12 | 21 |
| | 9 | To Woodbury | 1 | 25 |
| | 10 | To Danbury | 1 | 74 |
| | 11 | To Mount Pleasant | 2 | 21 |
| | 12 | To Havre Straw | 1 | 88 |
| | 13 | To Pompton | 1 | 60 |
| | 14 | To Chester | 2 | 34 |
| Sat. | 15 | To Mansfield | 1 | 37 |
| | | | 12 | 39 |
| | 16 | To Bethlehem | 2 | 60 |
| | 17 | To Trexeles | 1 | 18 |
| | 18 | To Reading | 1 | 87 |
| | 19 | To Lebanon | 1 | 75 |

| | | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | To Harrisburgh | | 2 | 24 |
| 21 | To Walnut Bottom | | 1 | 56 |
| S. 22 | To Lettre-kenny | | | 69 |
| | | | 11 | 89 |
| 23 | At Lettre-kenny | | 2 | 37 |
| 24 | To Fort Littleton | | 1 | 55 |
| 25 | To Crossings of Juniata | | 1 | 64 |
| 26 | To Bedford | | 1 | 37 |
| 27 | To Stoystown | | 2 | 08 |
| 28 | To Denison's Tavern | | 1 | 00 |
| 29 | To Ramsey's Tavern | | 1 | 37 |
| | | | 11 | 38 |
| | (For 4 weeks, $50) | | 47 | 87 |

*Expenses*

| Month | | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| May 30 | To Greensburgh | | 2 | 28 |
| 31 | To Stuarts | | 1 | 30 |
| June 1st | To Pitsburgh | | | 62 |
| | | 3 days | 4 | 10 |
| | | Amount bro't over | 47 | 87 |
| | | | 51 | 97 |
| | | Extra bro't over | 9 | 84 |
| | | Whole expense to P'ts. | 61 | 81 |

| | | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 2 | | | |
| | 3 | | | |
| | 4 | | | |
| Sat. | 5 | At Pitsburgh | 7 | 50 |
| June | 6 | | | |
| | 7 | To Marietta (down river | | |
| | 8 | including boat, outfits, | | |
| | 9 | etc.) | 14 | 21 |
| | 10 | At Marietta | 9 | 86 |
| | 11 | | | |
| | 12 | | | |
| | 13 | | | |
| | 14 | | | |
| | 15 | | | |
| | 16 | | | |
| | 17 | To Webster's | 1 | 31 |
| | 18 | To Salem | 1 | 24 |
| | 19 | To Pronteton | 1 | 30 |
| | 20 | To Dunkards Bottom | 1 | 68 |
| | 21 | To Westonport | 1 | 43 |
| | 22 | To Springfield | 1 | 50 |
| | 23 | To Hoge | 1 | 68 |
| | 24 | To Battletown | 2 | 23 |
| | | | 12 | 17 |

*Expenses*

| June | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 25 | To Newtown | 2 | 23 |
| 26 | To Clarksburgh | 2 | 44 |
| 27 | To Washington City | | 75 |
| | | 5 | 42 |
| | Cost from M. to W. City | 12 | 17 |
| | | 17 | 59 |
| 28 | | | |
| 29 | | | |
| 30 | | | |
| 31 | At. W. City | | |
| July | | | |
| 1 | | | |
| 2 | | | |
| 3 | | | |
| 4 | | | |

NOTE. There is no entry made for expenses incurred while in Washington June 28–July 4.

*Extra Expenses for Articles, etc.*

| | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|
| Watch Key | | 10 |
| Mending Bags | | 12 |
| Oil Cloth Case | | 70 |
| Washing Clothes | | 75 |
| Sat. | 1 | 67 |

| | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Changing Saddles | 4 | 00 |
| | Salts | | 6 |
| | Washing | | 6 |
| | Mending Saddle | | 6 |
| | Salts | | 12 |
| | Salts | | 9 |
| | Salts | | 12 |
| | Watch Paper | | 25 |
| Sat. | | 4 | 76 |
| | Sundries | | 25 |
| | Horse blanket | 1 | 75 |
| | Mending | | 10 |
| Sat. | Washing | | 12 |
| | | 2 | 28 |
| | Horse Shoe | | 31 |
| | Mending Bags | | 12 |
| Sat. | Mending Cherevalies | | 20 |
| | Total | | 63 |
| | | 9 | 34 |
| | Horse | | 25 |
| | Horse shoe | | 25 |
| | | | 50 |
| | | 9 | 84 |

## *Extra Expenses*

| | | dol. | cts. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Salts | | 25 |
| At. P. | Pitsburgh Navigator | 1 | |
| | Almanac | | 12 |
| | | 1 | 37 |
| | Horse shoe, etc. | 1 | |
| | Pad | 1 | |
| At. M. | Pistol case | | 25 |
| | Washing | | 75 |
| | Hat | | 25 |
| | Ribbon | | 20 |
| | | 3 | 45 |
| | Salts | | 14 |
| | Plaster | | 6 |

## *List of acquaintances at Washington*



Miss Deblois (3)
Miss Newton
Dennison
Parrots
Mac-gruder
Goldsborough (2)
Burns
Ringgold
Mrs. Parrots
Deblois
Lear
Custis
Vannesse
Ringgold
Madam Bonaparte
Miss Burrows
Mrs. Jones of Phila.
Miss Strong of Phila.
Jones of Phila.
Miss Worthington of Chilicotti

Mrs. Cutts
Miss Kerr
Randolph
Mrs. Kerr
Miss Pierre
Lady Madison
Miss Mitchel
Price
Clark
and about fifty others.

DATE DUE

FEB 2 3 '71

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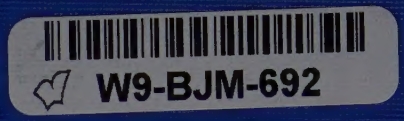
Gerry
The diary of Elbridge Gerry, jr.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